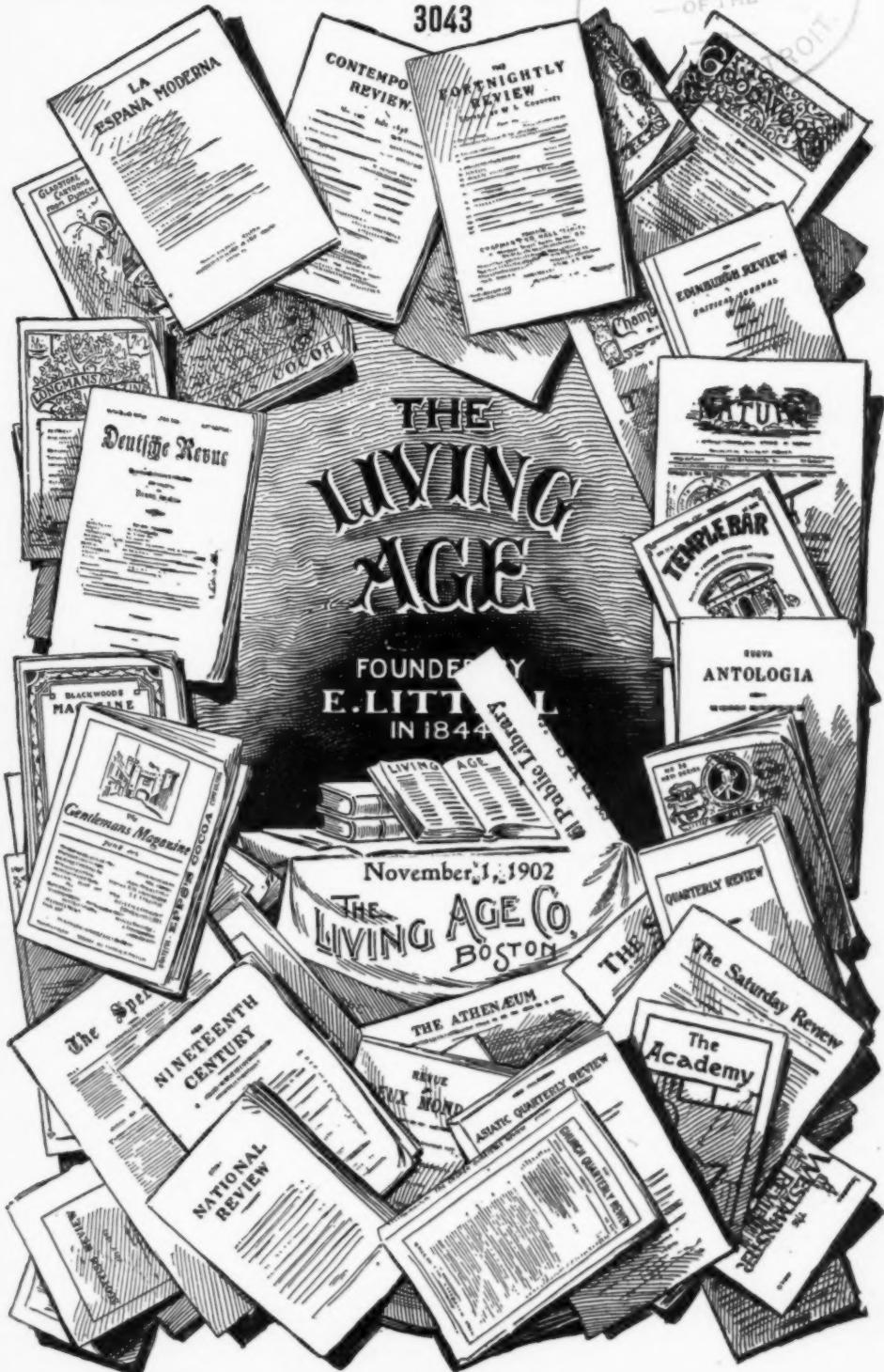


HERMANN SUDERMANN'S NEW PLAY.
By W. S. Lilly.

3043



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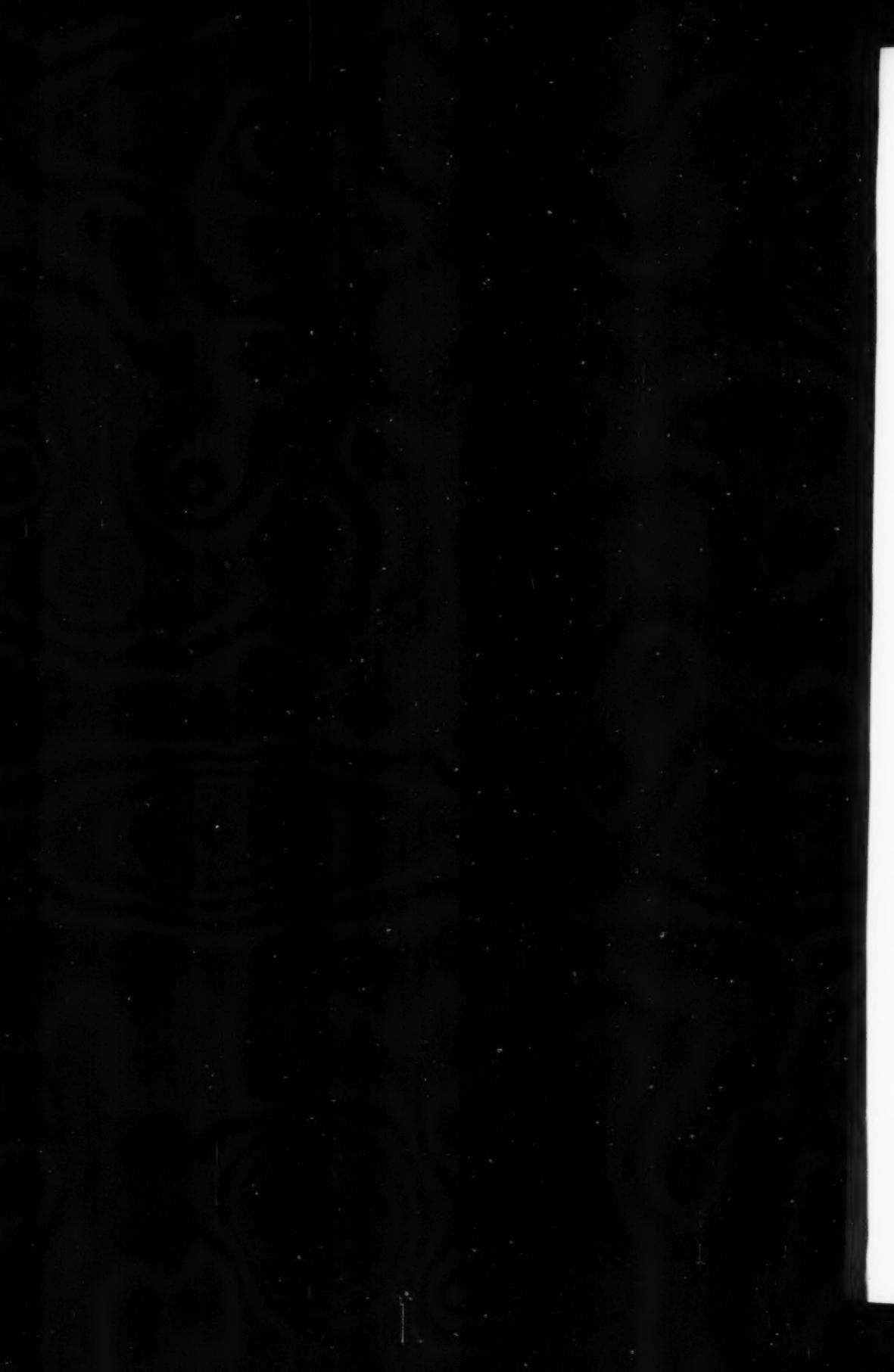
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FROM BEGINNING
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HERMANN SUDERMANN'S NEW PLAY.

I have long been wishing to write something about Hermann Sudermann. The position which he holds in contemporary German literature is quite unique. We must account him the foremost of contemporary Teutonic novelists and dramatists. And his works, if carefully studied, throw a flood of light upon the existing state of society in his country, or, if we like so to put it, upon the phase of civilization in which his country now is. He is unquestionably a great painter of manners. And to say that is to say much. I take it that the qualities which go to make a great painter of manners are sense and sensibility, sagacity and suppleness, openness of mind and originality of thought, depth of feeling and delicacy of touch. Now the union of these qualities in any man is very rare. And, therefore, a great painter of manners is seldom met with. If we weigh the matter well, the power of seeing, of feeling, of understanding, of expressing what is around us, are none of them common endowments. Do not the majority of men go through life with their eyes shut, their heart closed, their brain dull, and their tongue, if not dumb, merely uttering like Gratiano's, "an infinite deal of nothing"?

But Hermann Sudermann sees, feels,

understands, and describes his age. He sets before us the reality of things—not the coarse transcript from the street which a vulgar realism presents, but life which has passed through the fire of thought. Art was long ago described by Aquinas in three pregnant words, "recta ratio factibilium." And Hermann Sudermann is, in the full sense, a literary artist. Let us consider a little what that means. Intellect, imagination, order, a vivid and colored diction? Yes, it means all that, but it means more: these things do not suffice to constitute a man a literary artist. Art is essentially creative, as the words of the Angelic Doctor imply. It is the fruit partly of the writer's fecund and felicitous nature, partly of his environment—the circumstances and dispositions of his time—and partly, too—I am speaking, be it remembered, of literature—of the state of the language. There are in the life of a nation what we may call literary epochs, when the common fund of thought and ideas gives the writer a sort of medium through which to communicate with his readers. And then we get a literature smacking of the soil and instinct with national character.

This is the kind of literature to which Sudermann has made most val-

able contributions. And, therefore, it is that a careful and minute study of his works is an enterprise which, from many points of view, is well worth undertaking. It is far too great an enterprise for me to engage in at present. In this brief paper I can only glance at the latest of his dramas, and, in my judgment, the best of them. *Es lebe das Leben*, appears to me a far more skilfully conceived and finely chiselled bit of work than even *Die Ehre* or *Sodom's Ende*. It is richer in observation of character and in psychological power, and breathes a far profounder inspiration. It represents—so it seems to me—the high-water mark of the author's genius.

The time of *Es lebe das Leben* is the end of the nineteenth century, and the place Berlin. Count Michael von Kellinghausen has just resigned his seat in the Reichstag. Baron Richard von Völkerlingk is a candidate for the vacant seat: and when the curtain rises, we find Ludwig von Völkerlingk, his half-brother, who holds office as a Secretary of State, in Count Michael's house, discussing with Richard's secretary, Herr Holtzmann, his chances of success. The contest, which is drawing to an end, has been a severe one, and foremost among Richard's opponents is one Meixner, who formerly filled Holtzmann's post, but has become a leader among the Social Democrats. While they are talking, Beate, the wife of Michael von Kellinghausen, appears, and with her Dr. Kahlenberg, her physician, who has just paid her a professional visit. She is intensely interested in the election—too much interested to please her medical attendant, for she is suffering from a malady of the heart. He cautions her against excitement. "Ah!" she exclaims, "not to be agitated, not to think, not to laugh, not to weep—in a word, not to live!" Her frail frame is brimming over with psychical vitality. She is, as the Secretary of

State calls her, "the Egeria of their party," though she modestly disclaims any merit beyond that of a good listener when clever men talk.

She and Richard von Völkerlingk are old and intimate friends. Some years ago his political career was brought to an abrupt close, on his failure to secure his re-election to the Reichstag; and she intensely desires that he should capture the seat vacated by her husband. He comes to see her, and to await with her the news of the result which his secretary is to bring. This is the scene which closes the First Act. It is, I think, the most powerful in the play, save one, and gives the clue to the whole drama. Let us dwell upon it a little.

They are together in Beate's drawing-room, she and Richard von Völkerlingk, waiting, as we saw, for the electors' verdict. "Will he not dine with her *tête-à-tête* that evening," she asks. "No!" he replies, "he can't, his wife—Leonie—has asked some diplomatic and clerical bigwigs, and he must be at home to entertain them." The tension of the nerves of both is extreme—the enthusiastic, devoted woman; the highly gifted, ambitious man. He speaks with scorn of the last fourteen days in which he has been carted about from village to village like an itinerant dentist, to fawn upon ignorant and needy peasants, putting before them visions of freedom—free beer and warm sausages—and stooping to all the paltry arts which a man must now employ who would win his way to political power; and finding as his chief opponent his ex-secretary Meixner! "Grauenvoll!" he exclaims, with disgust. But Michael has been an invaluable ally. He, good, honest gentleman, looks at matters from the comic side. "Well, the thing is over; and soon my fate will be declared. Destiny will shortly enter through that door in Holtzmann's clothes and with

Holtzmann's visage: it will be Destiny; nothing more, nothing less; Destiny!" "And if Holtzmann comes," Beate replies, "and says—or rather says nothing—dear, dearest friend you must outlive it." He tells her of an Indian ascetic who when asked, "Why do you live?" made answer, "Because I am dead!" "But no," he continues "I will not be unthankful, if only you, dear Beate, are at the pains of convoying my life, giving it meaning, and color and completeness—then let come what come may."

They fall to talking of the old days—of their first meeting, fifteen years ago. "Can it be fifteen years?" he asks. "Ah yes, it is," she says; "and it is like yesterday." He remembers how she appeared to him among the fir-trees. Yes, he can see the red dress she wore, and her little child Ellen, tired and tearful, whom she was leading by the hand. They pass from the conventional You to the intimate Thou. Then, as they talk, in a few sentences their story is unfolded. Their love was a fresh life for her, it gave a new meaning to her existence. And how closely their beings have been blended! He has been to her as an open book; she reads all his thoughts; some of them she could well wish away! For him, their illicit love was from the first poisoned by qualms of conscience. Fifteen years ago it began; and twelve years ago he came to her and told her it must end. His intimacy with her husband had gone on increasing, and he could no longer play the traitor to that honest gentleman; either their guilty relations must cease, or he must confess the truth to Michael. Since then they have found in a close friendship the compromise which rendered their further life together possible. The sacrifice seemed to him, in some sort, an expiation of his guilt. The loss of his seat in the Reichstag and the closing of his Parliamentary career, he

sought to view as a further expiation. And now he regards the prospect of winning the election with fear. He will owe it to her influence, for she it is who has brought about her husband's resignation of the seat for which he is standing. "Why not?" she asks: "for Michael, Parliament is a pastime, and a not very amusing pastime: for you it is—life."

But his scruples are poignant. And something has occurred which accentuates them. An attack has been made in the Reichstag, by the Social Democrats, upon the institution of marriage; and he, an orator of singular power and brilliancy, has been pitched upon by his party to speak in opposition to them, should he be elected.

"Think, think," he says, "to-morrow I shall stand in the tribune; my political position and my personal convictions will alike lead me to contend for the sanctity of our ideal possessions; and then it will pass through my mind to whom I owe it that I stand there; and how I have trampled under foot the holiest of those sanctities, in thee and in him!" "But suppose that were not the holiest," she says. He is shocked. The scruples which torture him do not exist for her. For her, as for Eloisa, love is the one high and holy thing:

Oh, happy state where souls each
other draw,
Where love is liberty, and nature
law.

Social conventions—marriage ordinances among them—are mere shadows. Far otherwise does he view the matter. Fearfulness and trembling have come upon him, and a horrible dread has overwhelmed him. For there is that within him which tells him that retribution waits for them, "Das rächt sich," he says. Punishment he feels to be the other half of crime, its natural and divinely appointed sequel. And

that his relations with Beate have been criminous, he cannot doubt. "Das rächt sich," he repeats. Holtzmann appears and tells him he has won by an absolute majority of four hundred and sixty. It is their hour of triumph. "If the hour of reckoning does come?" he says to Beate: but she interrupts him with her bright laugh. "And till then?" he inquires. "We will live," she replies.

The hour of reckoning *does* come, and far sooner than they had dreamed. The next evening Beate has a reception. Her rooms are brilliantly lighted and full of guests, among them the chiefs of the political party to which her husband and Richard von Völkerlingk belong; Baron Ludwig von Völkerlingk, the Secretary of State, Prince Usingen, the Baron von Brachtmann and Herr von Berkelwitz. Each of them has received a copy of the *Lengenfelder Volksboten*, the Social Democratic newspaper of the constituency which has just elected Richard. It contains a report of a speech of Meixner in which occurs the following passage: "One seldom gets a chance of peeping behind the scenes of these gentlemen of the Right who are so fond of posing as guardians of public morality: for the homely men of the people have not the *entrée* to their gilded saloons, and so do not know what takes place behind the luxurious curtains of their silken beds. But sometimes a lucky accident exposes the secrets of the life that they lead. And if I dared speak, I could tell of something piquant about the candidate of the Right party, and his relations to his friend: the friend who, instead of keeping watch in his own home, goes about from place to place to get votes—for the friend of the family!"

They shake their heads. The matter is serious. It means a scandal, the odium of which will fall on the whole party. They notice on Beate's writing-

table an unopened copy of this same number of the *Lengenfelder Volksboten*, which, like the ones that have reached them, has been sent by post. Richard von Völkerlingk enters. They tell him that they are charged by the party to ask him to speak on the Divorce Bill now before the Reichstag. He demurs. The time is short for collecting the historical and juristic materials required in order to deal adequately with such a subject; besides, a certain Meixner, an ex-secretary of his, has just made an attack upon him which— They interrupt him. They know all about that. It is all the more reason why he should comply with the request of the party, and declare himself on this grave question. He assents, perforce. They point to the number of *Lengenfelder Volksboten* on Beate's table: had he not better remove it? He can hardly do that: only the master of the house has the right: he will call Kellinghausen's attention to it. "By all means leave him out of the business if possible," the old Parliamentary hand, Brachtmann, counsels: "I would disregard such a thing: but Kellinghausen, charming as he is, would, in a matter which so touches his honor, perpetrate stupidities for which the party and the good cause would suffer: keep him out of it if possible, and the thing will be forgotten in a week."

But Michael von Kellinghausen is not to be kept out of it. The destinies have otherwise decreed. He seldom looks at newspapers, the proper use of which he considers to be the lighting of fires. It is Richard's own son, Norbert, who mentions the libel to Michael in the course of conversation a little later on, and asks him what he intends to do regarding the libeller: as he can't call the men out, what course is open to him but invoke the law? Michael is struck dumb. And Beate, although the copy of the newspaper has been removed from her table, has heard of it from

Leonie, Richard's wife. "What are, or have been, the relations between you and my husband," she says to Beate; "I do not inquire and I do not care! I have, so to speak, kept my eyes shut to legitimate your friendship. But should there be a scandal—and there is pretty sure to be if Michael von Kellinghausen has to do with the business—it will be another matter. That might affect my position and oblige me to sue for a divorce."

Leonie is right. Michael von Kellinghausen is furious at the aspersion of the honor of his house. He sends for Holtzmann, from whom he endeavors to learn something about Meixner; but Holtzmann is taciturn. He then puts the matter into the hands of his solicitor, who requires from Meixner a retraction. Meixner declines and is prepared to justify the libel. Meanwhile Richard is busy with the preparation of his speech on the Divorce Bill. There is a striking scene between him and Beate, in which he tells her that he does not know whether he will be able to deliver it. "You must," she says (sie müssen; du musst). Is your conscience again unquiet?" "You call it conscience," he says, "I term it social feeling" (*Gemeinsamkeitgefühl*). "I ask myself, How can I justify before God and the world what I am going to say there, when my life and deeds are a crying insult in His face. I can't adopt the convenient device, Follow my words and not my deeds! What I give I must give without inward contradiction, at one casting" (*aus einem Gusse*). "Ah, Beate, truth, truth! once more to be at one with one's self—But forgive me for bewailing to you my mental troubles. I am so accustomed to tell you everything. I suppose Michael has long ago abandoned the absurd thought of pursuing the man judicially?" "On the contrary," she replies, "by this time he has probably learnt all your ex-secretary can tell him of our former relations." He

tries to reassure her and himself. Meixner can have nothing more than suspicions and surmises to go upon; not proofs: the only two letters which might compromise them have long been burnt. But she objects, "If Michael asks you? *If he requires your word of honor?*"

Here Michael enters. The loyal gentleman harbors no suspicion of his wife or his friend. He greets both with his usual kindness. Beate announces to him that Ellen and Norbert are betrothed. He is glad; he had seen it coming, he says. Richard thinks he knows nothing, and tells Beate so aside. He asks Richard to go to his private room. Beate wishes not to be excluded from their conversation. He does not object: "I am not in the habit of gainsaying you, dear child." He tells them that his solicitor has had an interview with Meixner, who declines to retract, and is prepared to justify the libel. And then, with apologies for putting the question to them, he asks, "Is it possible that they may, in correspondence, have used expressions natural enough among intimate friends, but liable to be misunderstood by outsiders?" "No," they reply, "they can think of nothing." And then, turning to Richard, he observes, "Then I may go on with the law proceedings?" "If you ask my advice—" Richard replies. "No, I don't," he interrupts; "I merely want to be sure of my ground. Give me your word of honor, that I may go on with confidence. Richard begins, "I give you my word of honor that—" when Beate interrupts him with a light cry. Her husband asks her what it means. "He will give you his word of honor," she answers, "and then go home and shoot himself. Don't you see that in his face?"

The honest gentleman is overwhelmed; he tears away his collar, for he is half choked; he rushes upon Richard exclaiming, "You! you! you!" He sinks on a chair and leans over

the table with his head in his hands in tearless sobbing. After a time Beate goes to him. "Dear Michael," she says, "Richard and I fought our way out of this" (haben uns durchgekämpft) "many years ago. That is why you see us so calm. What happened before those years we will each of us expiate." He springs up. The reckoning between him and Richard will be simple enough, he tells her; but how could she reconcile it to God and her conscience to deal *thus* with him for half a lifetime? Why did she not come to him and say, "Set me free"? "That is what *he* wished," she replies. "He was the honorable one; and up to to-day he does not know why I refused. I cared too much for him and his life to hang upon him as the survival of a scandal. I wanted to be his preserver. And therefore have I taken upon myself this lifelong lie, therefore—" But Michael interrupts her. "And *I* had no existence at all in your calculations?" She replies that her lie has procured for him fifteen happy years. Let him blame her if he will, but let him not forget that. Her calmness confounds him. "Had you in your sin no presentiment of God's punishment? no remorse? no consciousness of guilt—nothing?" he inquires amazed. And she answers, "You have asked me a question, Michael; I ask you one in return. Must all which we derive from the very depths of our nature be ground down, as in a mortar, to guilt and ruth? Sin? I know of no sin when I did the best that by my very nature I was capable of doing. I did not let myself be broken in pieces by your moral law! That was my right of self-preservation. Very likely it was also self-murder. Anyhow, my existence—that has for years been a great chain of suffering. I have had to purchase it from hour to hour in the apothecary's shop. But this poor bit of life that I love so much, so much, I prize a thou-

sand times too highly to disavow it before you or any one. So do I love it, and so do I love all that was about me—even you Michael, laugh if you will, even you! and if I—" But here her strength fails her, she gasps for breath and supports herself against a chair. Then she asks, "Which of you two will help me to the door?" Richard makes an involuntary movement towards her, but is withheld by Michael. "Beate," he says, "for the future you must go your way alone." She makes a great effort of will and leaves the room.

"And now," Michael inquires of Richard, "What now"? "What you please," the other replies; "revile me; shoot me; I shall not try to hinder you." One of them must go out of the world: that is clear to Michael. As clear is it that a duel is impossible: that would bring a scandal on the party, and this he has pledged himself to avoid. Then the voice of Norbert is heard without. Michael has a sudden inspiration and calls the lad in. He bethinks him of a conversation the day previously—we have had it in a former scene—in which, as though coming events had cast their shadows before, points of honor had been discussed, and the ingenuous youth had expressed himself in a noble and striking way pleasing to the elder man. Norbert enters. Michael, controlling himself, refers to the talk which is in his mind, and in his puzzle-headed way vainly tries to recall the young man's words which had so impressed him. Richard comes to his assistance. "This is what you said, my boy: 'If a man of honor acknowledges his guilt (erkennt seine Schuld) and expiation is demanded of him, he is his own most fitting judge.'" "Yes," Norbert replies, smiling with astonishment that his words have made such an impression: "Yes, I remember saying that." "Well," observes Michael, "those are not precisely the words of yours that I wanted

to remember; but they will do. Suppose that to such a man the one whom he has wronged says, 'One of us two is one too many in the world,' what then?" The youth is surprised at the gravity of the question. His father interposes: "Suppose the wrong is the worst that can come between two men, suppose that the one has taken the other's wife, has the deceived husband the right, when the reckoning comes, to demand the other's life?" "I think he has," the youth responds; "it is self-evident: and if the deceiver of whom you speak is really a man of honor—although I do not quite see how the two things hold together—then will he, I opine, rather seek death than let himself be enforced to it."

Thus is sentence of death passed upon Richard by his own son. He acquiesces in it, and tells Michael he will carry it out within twenty-four hours. But Beate divines his purpose, and intends to thwart it. He goes off to the Reichstag and delivers there amid tumult of acclaim, the speech which he had prepared in defence of the sanctity of marriage. Then Meixner procures an interview with him and returns the compromising letters, which Richard had thought destroyed. It is too late. Next Beate seeks him. She has read his speech, she has divined the secret application of portions of it to himself. She knows that it is his farewell to the world. She *feels* that death is hanging over them. He swears to her that he has never had greater love for life, that never has his whole being clung closer to the world, than since he delivered that speech, and realized again his own power. "And yet—you must die!" she says. "Truly," he replies, seeking to put her off by an affected jocosity, "but as late as may be." "Are we greeting death with a laugh?" she asks. Perhaps *she* may be dead tomorrow, who knows? Last night her heart so troubled her that she doubted

whether she should see the next day. But he—must wait: he dare not follow her, for scandal would arise, and would be the bane of their children so recently betrothed. And then she tells him that early next morning he will receive a letter from Michael bidding him come to luncheon to meet some political friends: he must come; it is a means of preventing scandal, of annihilating rumor. Unwillingly he promises to come. I leave the rest of this singularly powerful and pathetic scene to be read by those who can and will. To translate it is impossible within my present limits. To abridge it would be sacrilege.

So Richard goes next day to the luncheon which is given in his honor. And he and Beate, and even poor honest Michael, strain every nerve to act well their festive parts, and to conceal all trace of the ghastly tragedy in which they are involved. The Secretary of State, Prince Usingen and Baron von Brachtmann are the other guests, and the conversation, as is natural, turns on Richard's great speech. A phrase which the Secretary of State uses about the soundness, the ethical equilibrium of society, makes Beate laugh. She is more than usually sparkling and daring, and when the minister remarks on her laughter, she explains: "Ah, my dear Excellency, how often have I heard that old song about ethics and equilibrium and soundness and society; I am convinced that people sang the same melody in the days when virgins were sacrificed to Astarte. It is to this Astarte ideal that all our souls are now sacrificed: yes, individuals must perish by millions for that sweet 'soundness' of society!" Michael is almost moved from his self-possession by her audacity, and Richard adroitly changes the conversation. He will venture to say a word for the soundness of one society, and that is the society of the house of Kelling-

hausen; he speaks of his many obligations to Michael, the latest being in the matter of the election, and proposes the health of their host, which is drunk with enthusiasm. Michael responding, in a characteristically rambling speech, proposes the health of the conquering hero, Baron Richard: *Er lebe!* Beate, who begins to show signs of much physical suffering, catches at the words "*Er lebe*," and repeats them, and then makes her little speech. "*Er lebe*": but who really lives? Who dares to live? Sometimes something blooms, something shines over us, and then we tremble together secretly, secretly, like transgressors: That is all we get from life. Do you think that *they* live, that *she* does? her existence has become a long struggle with death for body and soul: she sleeps hardly at all: every breath she draws is as a godsend to her: and yet she has never unlearnt laughter, yet she is full of gratitude and happiness, yet does she lift her glass and call from the fulness of her soul, "*Es lebe das Leben.*" But her glass sinks, and she looks wildly around. The excitement has been too much for her. She had better leave the room. The Secretary of State offers her his arm. No, she will go alone. She will rejoin them presently.

She does not rejoin them. In a few minutes there is a sound as of a heavy fall in the neighboring room. Then a piercing shriek is heard from Ellen. Beate has dropped down dead. A physician, summoned in all haste, pronounces her death due to a sudden failure of the long-affected heart.

Before the feast she had given her husband a letter, making him promise not to open it till the guests had departed. They are all gone except Richard. Michael reads the letter and hands it to him; it is for him too. No, he cannot read it. Michael reads it to him. She tells them that she feels a victim must fall. Better she than

Richard. *He* has his work before him. *She* has lived out her life. She has taken poison at a festive gathering, the better to conceal her purpose. Should the real cause of her death be discovered, it will be imputed to an accident. "*I die as I have lived,*" so her letter ends, "*a seeker after happiness, for his happiness, for thine, for our children's.* Forgive the sorrow I must cause thee, and take my thanks for all." "*Our compact is at an end,*" Michael says to Richard; "*I give you back your word.*" "*Yes,*" Richard replies: "*live I must, not that I wish to: live, because I am dead.*" ✓

I trust this brief sketch of Sudermann's new play may serve to indicate, however faintly, its great dramatic power. But I must add a tribute to the perfection of the workmanship. Although his ethos is essentially German—Germanissimum we may say—so that an adequate translation is really impossible, his touch is everywhere light and dexterous, rare merit in a German writer. And everywhere there is the unmistakable note of a proper and spontaneous form. Every character stands before us in artistic completeness. Michael von Kellinghausen, the high-minded, simple-hearted, quite unintellectual gentleman; Richard, nobly-gifted, keenly susceptible, his honor rooted in dishonor, his faith unfaithful, and his truth false; his bright, impetuous son Norbert; the cautious official Ludwig von Völkerlingk; the practical politician Baron von Brachtmann, Prince Usingen, the "*enfant terrible*" of the party, as Brachtmann calls him, who sees the nudity and the crudity of things with a distressing clearness, and says what he sees with a distressing plainness; and Herr von Berkelwitz, the matter-of-fact country squire, "*ein schlichter Mann vom Lande,*" as he describes himself—all are living figures, not mere puppets of the playwright's show. But it is in his women that

Sudermann's rare psychological power is most fully displayed. Leonie, Richard's wife, comes upon the stage only once, in that most effective scene with Beate, and we hear of her less than half-a-dozen times. But, somehow, the soul of the woman is revealed to us; a devotee of fashion, a worshipper of society, her life a round of routs and visits, and church-going—but even her church-going a kind of visit! as her son Norbert remarks. In striking contrast to her, and an admirable foil, is Ellen, the simple, ingenuous loving maiden whom Norbert loves and is to marry. I know not where to look for a more charming picture of a young German girl.

But it is, of course, round Beate that the supreme interest of the play centres: Beate, the type of the new German woman. Of the old, it might be said, as of the Roman matron, "Domi mansit, lanam fecit." Far other are the occupations of the new. She reads everything, she discusses everything, she thinks everything, and—as a rule—she *knows* nothing. She has drifted, so to speak, from her time-honored moorings—whither? She makes one think of the Ancient Mariner—

Alone on a wide, wide sea;
So lonely 'twas that God Himself
Scarce seeméd there to be.

In place of the old theological and ethical traditions which ruled and fenced in her existence, she has picked up some philosophy, or shreds of philosophies, apt to prove in practice a not very effective substitute. For bright, impetuous, daring Beate, charming even at forty, with her fading hair and failing health, "Es lebe das Leben," sums the whole matter up; to live out one's life, to follow one's impulses—and, to care for nothing further. It is an old doctrine enough, and, as I remember, was clearly formulated by Philodemus, an Epicurean philosopher,

known to us only fragmentarily, through the Herculanean papyri. "Since man, by the enjoyment of life, has attained to the chief good, he is not to concern himself with what may afterwards befall."

It is really a melancholy doctrine, though it wears a contrary appearance. It demands of life more than life can give. We may say of Sudermann as was said of another, "Il est allé au fond de tout, c'est à dire jusqu'à la peine." He knows the subtle and complex springs of "that dread machinery of sin and sorrow," human existence. This is the secret of his power. Is he a decadent, as is sometimes said? Well, I suppose we are all decadents, more or less; we breathe, whether we will or no, the air of this decadent age. But Sudermann's work is informed by a very different motive from that which we find in most contemporary playwrights. Nearly all of them exhibit a certain materialism of imagination, which issues in crudity, in license, when it does not manifest itself as simple vulgarity. Sudermann's inspiration is essentially spiritual, like that of Nature herself. I do not know whether he is versed in the tragedians of ancient Hellas. But I do know that he has far more in common with Euripides than any dramatist of our time with whom I am acquainted. His subjects, indeed, are not gods or heroes; he takes them from every-day life: but he invests them with a charm which quells the commonplace. And through his work is that deep underlying thought of the Greek drama that in the moral world law rules: law fenced about, as all law is, by penalties; law which we *must* obey, or incur the retribution which, by the nature of things, attends its violation. This is the deep verity which informs his pages, as he exhibits the action of the great elemental passions of humanity, always full of strife and suffering. He is too true

an artist to write merely to point a moral. But those verses of Schiller might well serve as the epigraph of this drama:—

Dies eine fühl' ich und erkenn' es klar,
Das Leben ist der Güter höchstes nicht,

The Fortnightly Review.

Der Ubel grosstes aber ist die Schuld.¹

I take leave of this last work of his, feeling that it is "vital and spermatic, not leaving the reader where it found him: he shuts the book a richer man."

W. S. Lilly.

MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS.*

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

VI. ON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

My military passion found free vent among this band of ragamuffins who let me be their general. I armed them with cudgels; I trained them in the military exercise and I led them on the march with a tin trumpet and a paper flag. I was forever telling them of an imaginary enemy, with whom some day or other we must measure our strength, and against whom their generous wrath daily gained in vigor. So easy is it to inflame the imagination of the multitude by tales of glory and honor, even against an enemy which does not exist! I honestly lived in the continual expectation of some great test to come, whence or how I did not know. There was in another quarter of the city another little Bonaparte, who was later my school-mate at Modena, and who is now a colonel of *bersaglieri*, who was also, at that time, drilling a little army against an imaginary foe. For each of us to learn of the existence of the other, to recognize him as an enemy and to realize that a conflict of the two hosts was inevitable was one and the same thing. It is true that on both sides we were

Italians and inhabitants of the same city while our common country was involved in a war against Russia. But we belonged to different parishes and nothing more was needed to open an abyss between us. We used to say in disgust, "Those Sant' Ambrogio boys!" They, in equal scorn, "Those Santa Maria fellows!" Grown men and also nations, do much the same thing. We observed in our intercourse all the proper forms of diplomacy. There was a formal declaration of war presented in writing by two ragged emissaries. The two armies, each composed of some twenty scalawags, started one fine morning at the appointed hour from their respective encampments and approached by the appointed line of march.

I had donned a blue and white striped scarf made from an old window curtain and I brandished a wooden dagger covered with silver paper, which one of my brothers had made me. I was formidable in my own eyes. But when at the end of the street there appeared at the head of his troops the hostile general, I was forced, with bitter humiliation, to admit that he was much more finely armed than I; for he

* This, this I know: this, this to me is clear,
That life is not man's chief, man's highest good,
That of all human evils, guilt is worst.

* Translated for The Living Age.

had on his head a real true *bersagliere* hat, chin-strap and all, a real knapsack on his back and the simulacrum of a carbine in his hands. At a signal given by one of my men, by tapping upon a fragment of funnel, the two armies advanced to the encounter at double quick. I can give no accurate description of the battle, which like those of old must have consisted of a series of personal encounters. Victory would have declared for neither side had it not been decided by the duel of the commanders. My adversary was fierce but he was the victim of an illusion. He took my silvered blade for a real weapon, and, believing me to be bent on bloodshed, at the first onset he gave ground, and turning his knapsack toward me made off, at full speed, for his parish. But it was the flight of Horatius before the Curatii. I pursued, and for a while we dashed along, while the people stopped or stared after us, as if to say, "Pesky little rascals!" On a sudden the retreating general caught sight of a brick on the ground. Quick as lightning he had seized it and turned to face me. I whirled half round to avoid the projectile, which took me in the side. Stars? I saw both Bears. In a blind rage I sprang forward, but Sant' Ambrogio's general was more agile than I and was off in a twinkling. The sum and substance of it all was that I had been beaten and oh, the manner of it! But with the disappearance of the slinger, his army had begun to melt away. We remained masters of the field and were therefore the conquerors. I made my way home bent double. At every step I smothered a groan. I told my mother that I had taken cold. But our transports of exultation, the way we hugged ourselves over that hypothetical triumph are not to be imagined! All that day and for some days thereafter we talked of nothing else: each contributed his anecdote; all

had rivaled Roland in their deeds of prowess; we were very much like veterans at their banquets! And my side had long been completely free from pain, before I ceased walking with my back bent like a bow to prolong the glory of my wound.

How often, years later, at the Military School, did my good friend and I recall that famous day, and our "single combat." And who knows but the brave colonel may still be reminded of it, when the masons are at work in his house, and his eyes chance to fall on a heap of bricks?

VII. THE FIRST FLUTTERING.

Here comes the recollection of that first indefinite but delicious sensation which may be called the dawn of love, which words reproduce as poorly as does the brush the first glimmering of day. One evening as I came back from a walk with the porter we stopped in a little square where feats of the circus were being exhibited by a family of strolling performers. A little girl was dancing on the tight-rope, short-skirted, balance-stick in hand, a girl of my own age, graceful in form, with a countenance at once sweet and sad. She danced to the accompaniment of a hurdy-gurdy which played a melancholy air. The light of a street lamp shone full in her face, and I saw that her eyes were full of tears. Maybe she had been beaten or was hungry or sick and they were forcing her to dance against her will. I do not know how to make it clear in words, but I remember exactly what I then experienced: a sensation I had never felt before but which was most pleasurable, a strong attraction full of tenderness and pity, unlike anything I had ever felt before in the presence of the other sex, a soft but overmastering emotion in which I felt a certain pride. It possessed me the whole evening,—this mysterious feeling.—Imparting the

sort of melancholy that steals over one in a lonely place at sunset, but undefiled by the smallest taint of passion. What I then experienced proves, to my own entire satisfaction, that a boy's early and inevitable knowledge of certain things is not the dire evil that some imagine. True love is a mighty influence and when it comes first into the youthful soul, it sweeps out like a cleansing breeze every impure thought. The image of this particular girl soon disappeared from my heart, but the post which she had occupied did not remain vacant. Others followed in rapid succession. One by one there came and went,—all the prettiest and nicest girls in the city, those who used to dance together on Sundays, in a certain little square, while the municipal band played, and the citizens passed on their weekly stroll. All these loves were like my first,—fond and pure,—all feeling and fancy. They were accompanied by vague aspirations after glory, dreams of speedy wedlock, adventurous elopements, romantic encounters by waste and wild, and whispered interviews under the 'silence of the stars. It is a foolish mistake to chide or ridicule the young for these first stirrings of a sentiment—which is in truth their only inborn preservative against corruption.

I saw all these little girls in my imagination as if swathed in a succession of veils, the last of which I never succeeded in reaching. I looked on them as something more than human, creatures who had of mortal childhood only the outward appearance, and I was amazed, not to say disconcerted, if I came within ear-shot while they were talking with their governesses or younger brothers, if I heard them make any of those inept remarks which were always falling from the lips of the boys of my own age. And I should have been horribly ashamed to have them hear some of the talk that passed

between us boys, while a vulgar allusion to the divinity who stood for the moment upon my altar, would have brought anguish to my soul.

VIII. THE RETURN OF THE BERSAGLIERI.

Meanwhile I had made my way into the next higher class at school. Of my adventures in this grade I recall nothing clearly except a "howler" that I made in a translation from the Latin at our monthly examination. It was the most impossible mistake, the most absurd and scandalous misconception, which can ever have occurred, I am sure, in the schools of Italy since first the language of Cicero was taught therein; and it remained justly celebrated among us during that entire year. It was—But no, I will not repeat it. You would not believe me: you would say that I had invented it to enliven my narrative, and to prove that for once I had gone beyond the limits of human imagination. Let the memory of this crime be buried in my grave. Outside of school what I remember most clearly in this year was the return of the *bersaglieri* from the Crimea. As soon as the news came of the first disembarkation of troops at Genoa, my thoughts had flown to my Corporal Martinotti. Had he escaped from the battle and cholera, or was he one of the many victims left by our little army on the *via dolorosa* which led from the harbor of Balaclava to the trenches of Sebastopol; and, if he was alive, would he come back to the little city where I had known him? The day on which the rumor spread,—"Two battalions are coming to-morrow," I was beside myself with pleasure and impatience. My prudent mother felt that she ought to prepare me for a disappointment. "Remember," said she, "how many have died! And how do you know that he had not been ordered to Genoa or Turin?" This warning made me thoughtful, but all the same

I woke next morning with the joyful certainty that I was going to see him. A great crowd had gathered to greet the soldiers, so that I had to take up my stand at some distance from the station, beside a broad avenue which led from the railway to the ramparts; but there, by dint of vigorous elbowing I secured a place in the front row.

How my blood leaped when I heard the first shrill blast of the trumpets, and saw the first platoons forming in column upon the square below. But who were these soldiers? I could not recognize them for my *bersaglieri*. They were black as Arabs; they wore long gray cloaks, and a few broken and ragged feathers hung from their battered hats. They bore themselves more proudly, doubtless. These were handsomer fellows a hundred fold than those who had left us; but they looked to me like soldiers of a foreign army, who doubtless spoke another language, and no one of whom could possibly know me. Amid the cheers of the crowd the column advanced. At its head was a great band of trumpeters sure to come close by me as they passed, and among these my corporal ought to be. Step by step as they came on my heart beat louder. Ah, there he is; there is Martinotti! Alas, it was but a momentary illusion. This corporal was another man, Martinotti was not there, and I stood motionless with a weight on my heart. I gazed at all the "straps" of the column, but did not see him. "He is dead," so ran my thoughts. "My good corporal is dead! Or perhaps he has gone to Turin or Genoa, as my mother said, and I shall never see him again, any more than if he were dead." The last company was passing and I was staring at an old captain with a great scar on his cheek, when I heard a gay voice close at hand say "Mondino!" I whirled about as though I had received an electric shock. It was he! He, with a ser-

geant's stripes, with his gray cloak and only three feathers left in his hat, very much tanned and looking to me a little thinner and older, but as lithe and erect as before the war. He greeted me with a wave of his bronzed hand and with the kindly smile of former days, which I had never forgotten, and I answered him with an "Oh!" like a trumpet's peal, and came near dashing into the ranks to give him a hug. "How you've grown!" he called, and there was no time to say anything more; the last two platoons passed, accompanied by loud huzzahs, and I was swept away amid the crowd which fell in behind the troops and escorted them to barracks. We met again next day, with what joy on my part may be easily imagined, and we struck up a closer friendship than ever. But, strange as it seems, I remember absolutely nothing of those incidents of the war which he must have described to me on that and the following days, nor do I remember anything especial about our acquaintance after his return. In fact almost my sole recollection of this event is of a great banquet given to all the troops on the *piazza d'armi* where many long tables were arranged like the spokes of a wheel, under a huge banner-decked pavilion. But of this, too, I only retain a confused mental picture as of a spectacle seen for an instant only, and through a veil of mist.

IX. MY MANIA FOR PAINTING.

The war in the East led to painful consequences in my home, for it was the indirect cause of my conceiving a passion for daubing paper with paint, which for a certain time took maniacal possession of me. I think it may be worth while to give a diagnosis of this childish malady. I "caught it" from a great canvas, still unfinished, representing the battle of the Schernaja, which my father took me to see in the

study of a clever Lombard artist, who had lived in our city for many years. His name was Borgocarati and he was one of the heroes of the "Five Days." Among its other points, I was so overcome by the fiery splendor of a troop of English cavalry galloping in the foreground that, though I did not exclaim like some famous artist or other, "I too am a painter," I felt the hidden stirrings of the emotion that found vent in that cry. I had begun to cherish this illusion at the age of six, when I also drew a battle-scene, which had seemed marvellous in the eyes of my kind father who had put it in a frame as a clear proof of genius. Oh, the partial eyes of paternal affection! This error did the more honor to my father's heart, because, without ever having had regular instruction, he knew a great deal about artistic matters and drew painted miniatures and modelled with exquisite taste. But let fond fathers be careful how they prophesy a Raphael in the family. It is most hazardous. In reality I had a strong feeling for color, which gave me keen pleasure like that derived from music, so that I would stand for a half hour gazing at a bit of rich cloth or a tinted cloud; as much absorbed as I should have been in a picture which represented human beings. But mine was a feeling which was not to find vent by the brush. My fate was that of many a "born painter," who takes first to writing; a species of mistake as to the port of entry very likely to befall him who is in too great haste to enter the Kingdom of Art. But not the faintest suspicion of a doubt crossed my mind. I wasted dozens of color-boxes daubing reams of paper, experimenting in all styles, from such historic paintings as adorn the top of pasteboard butter-boxes to the landscapes beloved of the confectioner. Military scenes were my special delight, an enthusiasm unconsciously stimulated by my father who

often spoke of Horace Vernet of whose work he was an ardent admirer.

So many battles are not fought in a century on the whole length and breadth of the earth as I dashed off in six months with my misguided brush. Sometimes I managed four in one day. It was wholesale slaughter upon canvas. The horrors in water-color of which I was guilty cannot be imagined. Like Massimo d'Azeglio I used to bestow the fruits of my labors upon all my friends and acquaintances and there came a time when the city was over-run by them, when up and down its streets they stared at you from the walls of the houses, from out the little-shops, even from stable doors. The worst of it was that I had the boldness to sign them, lest unprincipled artists should steal my glory. How often must my poor father have murmured to himself as he beheld my productions, "Oh, the evil that may be engendered by a single battle-piece!" For my work increased in quantity, but did not improve in quality. My ten thousandth soldier stood no less in need of being "straightened out" by the surgeons than had my first. I was the father of monstrosities who all bore a certain family likeness to one another. Every squadron, each battalion that I ordered to the assault on cartridge-paper shrieked in chorus against the little murderer of Art, until at last I heard their cry and reluctantly relinquished my habit of slaughter. But on looking back I do not in the least regret having passed through that period of pictorial criminality. The disease was allowed to run its course, I came out of it sane and sound and it preserved me, later, from many a useless attempt. The artistic eruption of my childhood saved me from certain adult maladies which might have had more serious results than the wasting of paint and the disfiguring of the city.

X. THE REIGN OF TERROR.

I entered the *Terza Grammatica* in terror of a teacher who made that a memorable year. He was a well-proportioned man, with the pale, clean-shaven face of a Head of the Inquisition, out of which shone two cold eyes, clear as crystal balls. He never struck us, for he used Latin like a metal scourge, and with this we were lashed as were the denizens of Malebolge by the thongs of the demons. He piled on the work, weighed us down with penal tasks, allowed us neither to lift our eyes nor stretch our legs, and made school less lively than a funeral. He had a mania for "clean copy" note-books: we had to have twelve of these—for Italian phrases and for Latin, for the rules of the grammar of each language, for moral maxims, for similes, for Mythology and so on; a *corvée* of the pen which gave us no respite. He never flew into a rage, but he was placidly cruel. Oh, the strength of the vocabulary on which he drew in cold blood! At each mistake in grammar, it was "Low cur," "You are a disgrace to your family, sir," "That is a disgusting blunder," "Young man, you are a scoundrel!" "You sir, will end your days a convict," "Such syntax as that should be a state's-prison offence." Two months of this regime turned us into a drove of trembling slaves. There were some absolute martyrs of the new method, who, driven distracted by the defective verbs, would turn pale at the sound of the command:—"Conjugate for me —" and who could not sleep for their terror of the ten daily lessons which they had to commit to memory. Oh, that great crucifix fastened on the wall, behind the teacher's desk, how well it symbolized the state of his pupils. Once, in the middle of the winter this Ezzelino of Instruction fell ill: we heaved one mighty sigh of relief, but only one, because even in bed he

terrorized. One of his colleagues came to act as a temporary substitute; a teacher on the "Waiting-List," who appeared the first day in the uniform of the National Guard, and leaned his gun against the wall by the side of his chair. We supposed, since they were intimate friends, that he was altogether such a one as his predecessor, and that he had come armed for convenience of shooting the boys who stumbled in grammar. Instead, he proved a thoroughly good fellow, who treated us like human beings. But our happiness endured but a week, and then our tyrant returned, more hateful than before, and again we bowed the intimidated head beneath the accursed yoke.

Three remarkable members of that frightened herd still hold a distinct place in my memory. One was a certain Gatti, the only one of us who was not afraid of Ezzelino, and whom on this account we regarded with admiration and made our hero; the representative of our smothered rebellion against the tyranny that was over us. He audaciously paid off our scores, not with repartees or open insolence, but by the stubborn manifestation of an icy scorn, and an unconquerable pertinacity in his determination not to study. Neither reproof nor threat availed to make him alter his attitude. He never flinched from the professor's thunder-bolts, but would meet his eye with the glance of a Capaneus, which gave us shivers of enthusiasm. This teacher's favorite punishment was to make the culprit kneel on the platform by his desk; and he of the undaunted soul would kneel there whole mornings with shoulders straight and forehead high, and the bearing of a rebel angel, in revolt against *La Grammatica*, thus taking on in our eyes the superhuman proportions of one of Michael Angelo's statues. The tyrant would rage, but the rebel never asked forgiveness. I

think he must have spent more time at school kneeling than sitting and that if he be now alive he must still have callous places upon his knees like those fanatical Mahometans who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca on all fours. Oh, proud, indomitable soul! Receive, wherever thou art, this tardy acknowledgment of the admiration of thy former comrades in humiliation and slavery!

Number two was the oldest boy in the class, a sturdy fellow with a precocious expression of gravity on his face, intimate with none of his associates, a native of Saluzzo, if I remember rightly, living with an aunt of his, an easy-going soul, who gave him free rein and never bothered him about trifles. We all felt a certain admiration for him because they said that he abused the liberty allowed him. We seemed to see him surrounded by a kind of Satanic glory like one of Byron's heroes. He confided in none of us, but only let drop rare and covert allusions to his escapades; whereby we gave to his enigmatical phrases a hundred fanciful interpretations far bolder and deeper, doubtless, than any thought of his. I still recall the emotions of one solemn morning-scene, when the professor, having heard rumors of our friend's irregular conduct, summoned him before his desk in the presence of the whole school and with the aspect and intonation of a Chief Justice addressed him thus:—“Terrible things have come to my knowledge concerning you, Master So and So.”

Then after a funereal pause, “You go round nights.” And, after a still longer pause, “You consort with the dregs of the civic community.” After a protracted silence in a stifled voice, “You drink.”

Finally, with the explosion of a cannon-ball, “Contemptible scoundrel!”

A shiver ran from bench to bench; all held their breath. The deathlike

silence lasted a full minute and it was in truth a tragic scene. The insignificant object of these fulminations, who stood there, mute and immovable, seemed to us the incarnation of all the corruption and crime of the Roman decadence. I cannot quote the discourse which the professor poured forth on this occasion. I only remember that “Divine and Human Justice” found a place there, and “eternal infamy” and the “gallows” and similar compliments,—all uttered in a cavernous voice while the eyes of the speaker rolled in a manner to give one a tertian ague, and when class was over it was due to no mean shrinking from the victim, but to abject terror of the tyrant, that we all avoided the unlucky malefactor, as though he had borne the brand of Cain upon his forehead.

Number Three was a pleasant little body, quite emaciated, with the face of an old notary,—the son of a widowed stay-maker. He had a high opinion of his own proficiency in Latin, and his Latin themes consisted of a sort of mosaic-work, made up of phrases picked up here and there with the patience of a saint, and pieced together in the most bungling manner, arbitrarily, and with small regard either for logic or common-sense. For these things he cared little, provided only that language and style were, as he put it, “unalloyed gold.” I can still see him as he stood one day, reading to the professor one of his most intricate periods, on which he said that he had worked all night.

“But I don't understand it,” said the master.

“Quite likely,” he made answer. “It contains unfamiliar phrases.”

“They must be a peculiar sort of phrases that I don't understand.”

“It is all phrases from beginning to end. I put them together and then condensed. Nobody could understand just at first.”

And he persisted in his defense for some time, but finally returned disengaged to his seat, with a shake of the head, which seemed to say, "My time has been wasted! Good Latin is no longer understood."

Of my own doings I recall an Italian composition, which was, I believe, my first literary effort. We chose our own topics and I described "A Contest Between a Lion and a Tiger," a theme in perfect harmony with my character, as will be perceived. Its opening words "As the heavens reddened," still linger in my mind and I know that all through there was a rush of high-sounding words, chosen from those which had the greatest number of "r's" and "s's," a demon's chorus of howls and growls, an infuriated breaking of bones and of syntactical rules and, at the end, a deluge of gore. I expected a triumph when I should be called on to read. I made a perfect fiasco. It was the only time, I fancy, that master and pupils laughed in unison, joined

perhaps by the invisible shade of Padre Corticelli, who was our grammatical authority. This failure by which I was then deeply humiliated is now a pleasant recollection, because it was this incident which procured for my companions in servitude and terror the sole quarter of an hour of collective hilarity, which they enjoyed in that dolorous school.

Especially was it dolorous for me because I was not yet old enough to stand the strain imposed on me and what with intellectual effort and perpetual worry, which sometimes made me spring out of bed in the middle of the night and rage round like a lunatic, my health began to suffer. As soon as my parents realized this they decided to take me out of school for the rest of the year that I might recover spirits and strength; and before the winter was over I had received my pardon and been discharged from hard labor.

Nova Antologia.

(To be continued.)

DR. FAIRBAIRN ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHRISTIANITY.

Our desire in this paper is not so much to enter into an exhaustive examination of the important book with which Dr. Fairbairn has favored us on the "Philosophy of the Christian Religion," as rather to look behind the book to the large and difficult problems it raises, which spring from the conditions of the thought of the age, and to ask what help it affords in stating, and above all in solving, these problems. There is one supreme qualification which Dr. Fairbairn has for

dealing with his great subject, namely, the perhaps unrivalled range of his knowledge in the fields of philosophy, theology, history, and religions, and the breadth and sympathy of his power of historical generalization. His generalizations may not always convince, but they are always felt to be large, luminous, and instructive,—formed in full view of the world of facts to be interpreted. The danger that besets so many thinkers of seeking a solution of their problem through

* "The Philosophy of the Christian Religion," by A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., LL.D., Principal of LIVING AGE. VOL. XVII. 898

Mansfield College, Oxford. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1902.

over-simplification of its elements, is not one to which he is likely to succumb. It is always the largest aspects of a subject that fill his mind; the horizons beyond horizons it opens up; the relation of particulars to the general; the multitude and intricacy of the factors that go to the comprehension of the simplest fact, character, or movement. This very fulness of his thought, in combination with his singular gift of eloquent and pictorial expression, his devices of rhetorical antithesis and tendency to amplification in detail, the warmth and coloring of his exposition, has frequently the effect of overloading his pages with good things, and of detracting from the clearness and precision of the idea he wishes to convey. The wrappings of the idea may have to be stripped off before the kernel of the thought can be securely grasped. But the reader never loses the sense of being under the guidance of a mind of extraordinary comprehensiveness, searching vision, and exceptional powers of both analysis and synthesis. This of itself is a guarantee against one-sidedness and partiality of treatment, and affords ground for believing that the questions at issue will be rightly put and wisely answered.

It is, indeed, a notable sign of the broader phases on which Christian thought is entering, that a volume of this kind should be given us by one who will probably be allowed to rank as the ablest of living English Non-conformist theologians. The book will be recognized as in some sense a sequel to and completion of its author's former work on "The Place of Christ in Modern Theology." In that work, at a time when systematic theology seemed in danger of becoming a lost art, Dr. Fairbairn undertook the consideration of the reconstruction rendered necessary in theology by modern philosophical, literary and historical criti-

cism. Many of the results of that earlier discussion have to be carried forward into the study of the present treatise, many of its ideas reappear in a new setting. But it is essentially a new problem that is now dealt with.

Dr. Fairbairn tells us in his Preface of the profound impression made on his mind by actual contact with modern Hinduism during his visit to India as Haskell lecturer. What he saw there made him feel as he had not done before, that Christianity, to be adequately understood, must be considered in a yet wider context—that of the general religious history of mankind. This necessitated an inquiry into the nature and ground of the religious endowment generally. What is religion? Whence and how does it originate? What are its essential and abiding characteristics, and how does it come to assume the bewildering variety of forms it presents in history? Deeper still, how does religion—and especially a religion like Christianity—stand to the general philosophy of nature and of man? What place, for example, is there in the universe, as construed by modern thought, for the idea of the supernatural—or is there any? All questions which have been asked a thousand times, and to which answers of one kind and another are abundant; but which still stand in clamant need of an answer from one who believes, as our author avows himself to do, that "the Son of God holds in His pierced hands the keys of all the religions, explains all the factors of their being, and all the persons through whom they have been realized," and that the Incarnation "is the very truth which turns nature and man, and history and religion into the luminous dwelling place of God." An answer to these questions, if it can be got, will yield us a "philosophy" of the Chris-

tian religion. To furnish such an answer, and lay at least the groundwork of such a philosophy, is the task—vast and difficult enough, as anyone can see—of the present volume.

A very vital initial question in this inquiry is—What is the Christian religion, whose place and value in the history of man and of religion we are to seek to appraise? It is not to be concealed that it is precisely on this seemingly simple question of what constitutes the essence of Christianity that wide differences of opinion are certain to be encountered. But waiving this for the moment, some useful light may perhaps be thrown on the character of the problem Dr. Fairbairn sets before him from comparison of his views with those enunciated a year ago by the distinguished Berlin Professor, Dr. Harnack, in an interesting Rectoral address,¹ which bears somewhat on the same point. The question discussed in this address is whether there is longer any justification for a separate Faculty of Christian Theology in Universities, or whether this should not now be merged (as has happened in Holland) in a Faculty of the general science and history of religion. The ground, of course, on which the change is advocated is that Christianity cannot be dissevered from the study of religion in its whole compass, and that there exists no peculiar method of studying the Christian religion in distinction from others. Harnack, however, strenuously upholds the rights of a Faculty of Theology specifically Christian—partly for the reason that the study of the religion of a people cannot be divorced from the study of its whole history, language and literature;

partly because of the unique place held by the Bible in religion ("What signifies Homer, what the Vedas, what the Koran, alongside of the Bible?"), of the unbroken duration of the history of the Old and New Testament religion for a period of over 3,000 years, and of the fact that Christianity can be studied to-day as a *living* religion. But his main reason is that "Christianity in its pure form is not one religion along with others, but *the* religion."

It is *the* religion, because Jesus Christ is not a Master along with others, but *the* Master, and because His Gospel answers to the inborn capacity of man as history discovers it. I have argued above that it is the Bible that is the centre of all the studies of the theological Faculties. More correctly, I must say: this centre is Jesus Christ. What the first disciples received from Him goes far beyond the particular words and the preaching they heard from Him; and therefore what they have said about Him, and their mode of apprehending Him, exceeds His own self-witness. It could not be otherwise: these disciples were conscious that they possessed in Christ not only a Teacher. . . . they knew themselves as redeemed, new men, redeemed through Him (pp. 16, 17).

Harnack's contention, in brief, is that Christianity, as the absolute religion, has a pre-eminence of its own, which lifts it above dependence on the study of other religions, and makes the understanding of other religions rather dependent upon it.² This is true even of the Old Testament religion (pp. 12, 13); it is specially true of Christianity. The religion of Christ, in other words, admits of being comprehended from within itself; has its principle of development

¹ "Die Aufgabe der theologischen Facultäten und die allgemeine Religionsgeschichte." 1901.

² So Dr. Fairbairn says of history: "The true method of interpretation is to proceed from man

to nature, for the highest holds and knows the secret of the lowest, while the lowest neither holds nor knows the secret of the highest." (p. 171.)

within itself; is the illuminator of the field of religion, instead of borrowing illumination from it. In such utterances a much-needed corrective is afforded to the tendency of the new historico-critical school, as represented, for example, in Old Testament study, by Gunkel, who thinks it the fault of Wellhausen and his following that they believe it possible to explain the history of Israel from itself, and ignore its connection with the general world-process, of whose elements, in their view, it is largely a coalescence and combination.³

One now asks with interest, How does this compare with Principal Fairbairn's treatment? Does it not do away with the necessity for that long preliminary philosophical inquiry by which we are led up in his volume to the view and comprehension of the Christian religion? Not quite. It would do so only on the assumption that the object of the author was to explain Christianity out of these antecedent factors, to ground belief in it on philosophical considerations, to reduce it in some way to dependence on the study of religions outside itself. But that is certainly not Dr. Fairbairn's idea or aim. Christianity retains for him an independence and self-sufficiency as complete as any which Professor Harnack claims for it. It is the very object of his work, as above indicated, to show that in the religion of the Incarnation lies the key to all religion and to all history. If doubt on this were possible—and it is a conceivable misapprehension from the remarks in the Preface about construing Christianity through religion, and from the elaboration bestowed in the first part of the book on the philosophy of nature, of history, and of religion—it should be dissipated by the second part, which deals directly with the Person of Christ and

the making of the Christian religion. What must strike—perhaps will surprise—the observant reader is, how entirely independent practically this second division of the book is, after all, of the long train of recondite inquiries carried on in the first,—how Christianity is derived from its own principle, finds its materials of creation within itself, goes along, as it were, upon its own feet,—even while the end is to show, as is done in the concluding sections, how the ideals of all religions are embraced, and carried to their perfection in the religion of Christ, so that it alone is fitted to be the really universal religion. Nay, for the very purpose of this argument it was indispensable to establish that Christianity was not, what the historical-critical people would make it, a syncretism, but was "a living organism, carrying within itself the principle of life" (p. 518). But this in no way disproves, in fact only makes clear, the place and need for a philosophy of the Christian religion in its largest relations such as Principal Fairbairn here undertakes. Professor Harnack would not deny this either, though it is not obvious what place he would find for this discipline in his arrangement of University studies. For granting, as he does, that religion is not something accidental and transitory in the history of mankind, but that there comes to light in it an elementary and fundamental relation, without which man would not be man (p. 7); further, that Christianity is the religion in which this universal religious need, aspiration or ideal, finds its perfect satisfaction: then it is evident that no explanation of Christianity can be adequate which does not take account of this original endowment of humanity, as its operations and demands are illustrated on the field of history; nor is it possible that Christianity should be set in its

³ Cf. his "Genesis," Introd. p. 41.

right light, or have its full title to supremacy conceded to it, unless it is viewed in its actual context in that history, and has the full play of resemblance and contrast brought to bear upon it from comparison with the other great historical religions of the world. Seeing, moreover, that religion, in all its forms, has as its correlative God, and the perfect religion its principle in the perfect relation between God and man—a relation which, if the Incarnation be assumed, carries us into the region of the supernatural—we are driven back on the yet more fundamental inquiries which occupy the opening chapters of this book. The vastness of the plan cannot be denied; but it is one that cannot be avoided, if the Christian view is to receive its rational grounding and rational vindication. Theology merges into the philosophy of Christianity, and the philosophy of Christianity proves itself to be the most convincing Christian apologetic.

One thing made clear by this bold scheme of Dr. Fairbairn's is that he has no fear of bringing Christianity to the test of rational inquiry, and no sympathy with the claim sometimes made for the divorce of religion from reason—of faith from theoretic thought. His independence and courage of mind are equally conspicuous in his defense of the place and necessity of intellectual interpretation and doctrinal formulations in Christianity. It is refreshing in these days of volatilization of beliefs and the apotheosis of nebulousness in religion generally to find a leader of thought using such words as these:—

It does not lie in the power of any man or any society to keep the mysteries of the faith out of the hands of reason. . . . The only condition on which reason could have nothing to do with religion is that religion should have nothing to do with truth. . . .

Here, at least, it may be honestly said that there is no desire to build Faith upon the negation of Reason; where both are sons of God it were sin to seek to make the one legitimate at the expense of the other's legitimacy. . . . Clear and sweet as the Galilean vision may be, it would, apart from the severer speculation which translated it from a history into a creed, have faded from human memory like a dream which delighted the light slumbers of the morning, though only to be so dissolved before the strenuous will of the day as to be impossible of recall. . . . It is a wholesome thing to remember that the men who elaborated our theologies were at least as rational as their critics, and that we owe it to historical truth to look at their beliefs with their eyes. . . They (the ecumenical formulæ) may have in many respects done violence to both speculation and logic; but one thing we must confess: if the idea they tried to express as to Christ's Person had not been formulated centuries since, we should have been forced to invent it, or something like it, in order that we might have some reasonable hypothesis explanatory of the course things have taken (cf. pp. 4, 13, 17, 18, 19).

It has already been stated that it is not intended to follow in detail the steps by which Dr. Fairbairn leads up to his great conclusion. That would be impossible within the limits. But a few of the outstanding problems may be briefly touched on. The first, and not least important, is the relation in which a Supernatural Personality, such as Christ is assumed to be, stands to the philosophy of nature. It is the question that presses on many minds—Is not such a conception as the Incarnation ruled out of court by its radical incompatibility with the scientific doctrine of nature? Dr. Fairbairn meets this by showing, with much wealth of illustration, that nature and supernatural are not opposed ideas—that nature can only be construed in terms of reason, and through relation

to a Supreme Personal Intelligence—that it is, therefore, only rationally conceived, when viewed as “standing in and through the supernatural” (p. 56). It is the idealistic argument, by this time tolerably familiar, which Dr. Rashdall also develops in his *Essay on Theism* in *Contentio Veritatis*, that “there is such a correspondence between the mind and the universe, between the intelligible we think and the intellect we think by, that their relation can only be explained by identity of source, *i.e.*, by both being expressions of a single Supreme Intelligence” (p. 37). With such a postulate, the result of the examination of Darwinism in the succeeding sections, both on the “regressive” and the “aggressive” methods, is already anticipated. Personality is at the end because Personality is at the beginning: “matter cannot be defined save in terms that imply mind” (p. 49). The conclusion thus reached that nature must be conceived through the supernatural is confirmed by the study of man’s ethical nature. With Butler and Kant it is established that an ethical man means an ethical universe; and as from evolution was deduced the reasonableness of the appearance of “creative persons” in history (p. 59), so from the fact that the ethical ideal is only real as it is personalized, there is inferred the possibility and the consonance with man’s nature and God’s method of working of a perfect Personality as the vehicle of highest good to the race (p. 92).

And if we find the ideal of the Perfect Man realized, must we not conceive Him in whom it is impersonated as essentially supernatural in quality, and in intrinsic worth of being above anything that nature can produce? (p. 92).

This is finely put, and undeniably has truth in it. But language must not conceal from us the fact that this

mode of interpreting the supernatural, however noble, leaves us still a long way from the *kind* of supernatural implied in the Incarnation as Dr. Fairbairn would have us understand it, or in miracles like those of the evangelical history, as Dr. Fairbairn, in a later chapter (pp. 331-5), defends them. What we have reached so far is the supernatural as a spiritual principle *in* nature, but not a supernatural which transcends nature, save in the sense in which every man, as personal and ethical, is supernatural. The Perfect Man, on this showing, is the crown of natural development, taking nature in the largest sense (p. 56); is “above anything that nature can produce” only as every higher kingdom of nature is above the powers of the lower—the organic above the inorganic, the personal above the animal. Every vegetable, as Hegel said, is a miracle to the mineral. When, however, we come to the Supernatural Personality of the Gospels and Epistles, and to the miracles of “physical transcendence” ascribed to Him, we are palpably on different ground. The one conception may be a preparation for the other; but it is not the same. Dr. Fairbairn does not shrink from the admission of the full consequences of his assertion of the Incarnation. The Incarnation as he conceives it is essentially the same mystery as the Church has always believed in—the actual entrance of the Eternal Son of God into humanity and time. “We confess, indeed, that the Person of Christ is a stupendous miracle, in the proper sense the sole miracle of time” (p. 478). The very sinlessness of Christ, he contends with emphasis, implies miracle in His origin (p. 374). We are here on a quite different plane from the supernatural *in* the natural; and the formula applicable to the latter, *viz.*, that the supernatural is but the natural viewed under a changed aspect (pp. 56, 307,

etc.) can certainly not be stretched without ambiguity to cover the supernatural of the Gospel and the Creeds. Dr. Fairbairn's idealistic friends will go with him his whole length in the one contention. They would probably not go with him a single step in the other. We are, in truth, in the case of the Incarnate Person, moving along a different line altogether from that of natural development—the line viz., of historical revelation, and this requires to be vindicated on presuppositions and by methods of its own.

There is another problem, however, to which, before proceeding to the direct consideration of religion and its history, Dr. Fairbairn, following closely in the lines of his earlier work, devotes two exceedingly interesting chapters. It is the problem of theodicy, as raised for theism by the existence of natural and moral evil. Here Optimism and Pessimism wage their ceaseless battles; but we may confine ourselves to the problem of moral evil as the really serious obstacle in the way of a theistic and ethical interpretation of the universe. On this crucial question Dr. Fairbairn severs himself absolutely from all theories which regard evil as a necessary strain in the constitution of the universe. Moral evil is not something which need have been, or ought to have been; no metaphysical reasons justify it. It is not here even by the consent of God, though it is allowed that "we must conceive the Creator as responsible for the system under which it was introduced, which made it possible, which allowed it to become actual, and which now follows it with moral penalties and physical suf-

ferings" (p. 133). How then reconcile its appearance with a divine holiness and goodness? Dr. Fairbairn relies mainly on two principles for a solution—the one human freedom, with whose action God could not interfere, without denial of that freedom;⁴ the other, the principle enunciated by Augustine, *Non sineret bonus fieri male, nisi omnipotens etiam de male facere posset bene.* "To allow evil to become and continue without any purpose of redemption, i.e., to leave it as an ultimate fact and the final state of created existence—were to us an absolutely inconceivable act in a good and holy and gracious God" (p. 168). Thus even the permission of evil points forward to the revelation of the Son of God. There are many profound and far-reaching thoughts in these sections—especially those which connect themselves with the idea of the organic constitution of the race. But there are unsolved problems as well, and parts of the argument move in a scholastic religion foreign to Dr. Fairbairn's usual modes of thought, and do not always convince even there. Take first the human side. (1) Everything is hinged on freedom. But is it so certain that freedom, as Dr. Fairbairn conceives of it—apparently a liberty of indifference—is an idea philosophically tenable? Would the idealist, any more than the naturalist, admit it? Grant that will is self-determining, has self-determination not its own laws, according to which choice is made? If self and circumstances were perfectly known, would not every action be calculable? Does Dr. Fairbairn's own expression—"Granted a good man, a bad motive cannot sway

⁴ On this question of freedom Dr. Fairbairn does less than justice in another place to the views of Augustine and Calvin. He gives this description of their doctrine: "His (God's) was affirmed to be the one free will, and He fore-ordained and executed all things according to His good pleasure. While Freedom reigned in heaven, Necessity governed on earth; and men

were but pawns in the hands of the Almighty, who moved them whithersoever He willed" (p. 170). This may be Dr. Fairbairn's view of the logical effect of the doctrine of these teachers; but it would be easy to show that it is by no means the view they took themselves of the bearing of their doctrine.

him: granted a bad man, and good motive will not find him" (p. 76)—not concede the point that *character in man*—which is ultimately self—is the finally determining factor? But (2) the argument seems valueless unless the assumption that there was actually possible to man, in the exercise of his freedom, and under the original conditions in which he was placed, a sinless development. This agrees well enough with the *status integritatis* of the older theology, but how is it to be reconciled with the theories of modern anthropology? Was early man ever in such a condition as is postulated? Was a sinless development of the race ever even abstractly possible? **We fail to see it, on these presuppositions.**

Dr. Fairbairn certainly cannot be held responsible for theories which, in most of their accepted forms, he severely criticises and even ridicules (cf. p. 204). But it is permissible to ask what measure of freedom is left, or what possibility of sinless development remains, if "with science we describe the primitive as a savage state and name the person half-man, half-brute" (p. 204)? On the side of the Creator the difficulty is hardly less. The plea that sin could not have been prevented save by interference with the free moral decisions of the creature is surely only valid (if one must mount into these transcendent regions) on the assumption that this is the only possible world that could have been created, or these the only free beings, or these the only circumstances in which human beings could have been placed—in short, on the assumption that, after all, sin was an inevitable result of creation. Else why the choice of *this* world, and not another into which sin would not enter? Our plumb-line, as probably Dr. Fairbairn would admit, fails us in these mysteries.

In no part of his work is Dr. Fairbairn more entirely at home, or more successful, than in his discussion of the idea, origin, and development of religion. The *body* of religion—the endlessly varied forms it assumes, the beliefs, customs, rites, institutions associated with it—these are due to the stage of culture, to natural and social environment, to local, tribal, national or racial idiosyncasy: but its *soul*—religion itself—has its source in the changeless depths of man's rational and moral constitution. It is something, in Harnack's words, without which man would not be man. Empirical or merely psychological theories of the origin of religion—Mr. Spencer's, for example—Dr. Fairbairn decisively rejects. Because man is rational, the consciousness of God is inseparable from himself. Religion has not to do with part of man's being—thought, feeling, will: it involves his whole spiritual nature. "The consciousness which knows itself related to supersensible Being represents not one faculty, but the whole exercised reason—the concrete spirit reaching upwards and outwards to a spirit as concrete as itself" (p. 202). We may pass for the present what is said of the historical religions, and of the distinction of spontaneous religions from those founded and personal (in this category Dr. Fairbairn acknowledges only three: Buddhism, Islam, and the religion of Christ), to glance at his remarks on the religion from which Christianity itself sprang—that of Israel. Here it is possible for those who are at one with him in his general standpoint sometimes to agree and sometimes profoundly to disagree with his statements. His general view of the religion of Israel is as high as could be wished, though not higher than that which critics of nearly all schools are now well agreed in taking of it. Israel is described in the words of praise

accorded by Aristotle to Anaxagoras: "he walks amid the ancient peoples like a sober man among the drunkards" (so too Lotze). The note of this Hebrew religion is found to be Monotheism—a Monotheism which persisted, became ethical, and finally triumphed in the universalism of the prophets, despite the "rigorous tribal consciousness" that perpetually wrought to narrow and debase it. Might we not say that there is something still more important and remarkable in the religion of Israel than even its Monotheism: viz., the idea of a Divine purpose of grace unfolding itself in history, of which this people, chosen, instructed, and disciplined of God, is but the instrument for the benefit of mankind? Dr. Fairbairn eloquently recognizes the presence of this idea in the literature (p. 247), but is it not also the true key to the history—its connecting thread, its informing purpose, its very soul? We think it is; hence we cannot but regret that Dr. Fairbairn should lean so heavily as he does on certain modern constructions of the early history of the religion of Israel which ignore these ideas, and really belong, as we take it, to a different scheme of thought from that which finds its culmination in the Supernatural Personality and miraculous history of the second portion of his book. It is no necessary part of a sane critical view of the Old Testament to regard Hebrew Monotheism (if such it can be called) in the age of Moses as simply "a tribal cult," and the God of Israel as "but the strongest—and therefore the most majestic and awful—of the gods, who has selected a people for Himself" (p. 249). It is a very different picture, and very different ideas, we find engrained in the most ancient parts of Israel's literature—the pre-

prophetic histories incorporated in the Book of Genesis—where the Monotheism is already practically absolute.⁶ It may be confidently affirmed that there is no period in the history of Israel on which the critic can lay his finger, in which Jehovah is not already known as the Creator of heaven and earth and of man, and the Ruler and Judge of all nations of the earth. In Moses' time Israel is no longer a "tribe" but a nation; and it is Jehovah who has formed that nation, and redeemed it, and taken it into gracious relations with Himself for the highest ethical ends. This is the very antithesis of "a tribal cult." It belongs to Dr. Fairbairn's scheme of thought that he regards the whole institutional law of Israel—its temple, sacrifices, priesthood, ritual—as really a departure from, and contradiction of, the true idea of God in Israel (pp. 249-50). Is not a higher point of view suggested by his own luminous exposition of the priesthood and sacrifice of Christ as they appear in the writings of the New Testament? (see the section, "The Christian idea as Interpreted through the Levitical Categories," pp. 492-500).

The transition to the full and careful study of the Christian religion is made through the idea of historical religions which have personal founders. These, it was remarked above, are three: Buddhism, Islam, and Christianity. It has also been shown that Christianity, in Dr. Fairbairn's view, has its centre in the Supernatural Person—Jesus Christ, the Son of God in humanity. Before asking how this conception is vindicated, and what it means for religion, it is important to notice how it is connected with the idea of a founder of a religion. This will take us by the easiest road into the very heart of Dr. Fairbairn's thought. The

⁶ The newest and most radical school in Old Testament criticism, that of Gunkel, seems now to acknowledge thus much. See his "Genesis," Introd. p. 63. But it had all along been maintained by many believing scholars who were also critics. *

idea is certainly a novel and remarkable one. The founder, it is held, has a twofold value for the religion, an historical and an ideal (p. 264). As historical, he must be a "person of creative genius"; and "creative" means here "such a transcendence of local conditions as cannot be explained by the completest inheritance of the past, a personality that so embodies a new ideal as to awaken in man the imitative passion and the interpretative imagination" (p. 263). But it is not enough that the founder be historical; he must be ideally interpreted. It is this that changes, in fact, the reformer into the founder. "What changes the reformer into the founder is not so much his own act as his people's, the creative action of his personality on their imagination forcing them to invest him with attributes and functions expressive of the authority and worship of the ancient gods" (p. 263). "A founded religion, then, may be defined as a religion whose ultimate truth is an historical person speculatively construed" (p. 265). Buddha, for instance, is historically simply an enlightened teacher. But imagination lays hold on him, and speculative reason transforms him into "the eldest and noblest of beings"—a kind of deity. "And it was this transcendental interpretation of its founder, his apotheosis as we have termed it, which made Buddhism a religion" (p. 276). Similarly, it is not simply as an historical person who lived, taught, and died, that Jesus became the founder of His religion. The law applies to Him also that, while an historical person and his creative acts were pre-supposed in the religion, yet it could not in any sense begin to be without some form of apotheosis by the community" (p. 294). As it is put earlier, what divides Christianity from Hebraism "is not the historical Jesus, the Man who was a Son of Israel and lived in time,

but the theological Christ, the Person who has been construed into the Son of God, whose Deity is equal to the Father's" (p. 261). Here we may begin to feel that we are getting on very slippery ground indeed. There must be interpretation and apotheosis by the community, but in the case of Buddha, at any rate, that apotheosis is purely imaginative—fictional. Is it to be presumed that it is the same with Christ? Dr. Fairbairn would repel that inference with his whole soul; but in some of his parallels he comes perilously near suggesting it. There is nothing he insists on more earnestly than that history is the ultimate verification of the claims of Christ, and of the interpretation given of Him by His apostles. The indisputable fact, he tells us, is that "it is not Jesus of Nazareth who has so powerfully entered into history; it is the deified Christ who has been believed, loved, and obeyed as the Saviour of the world" (pp. 14, 15). But if this has been illusion, then illusion, it is argued, works as truth, and for it, in a most miraculous way. "True men receive it, are made truer by it, so use it as to build the world up in the love and pursuit of the truth as it has never been built up before" (p. 15). And such a working of error as truth is held to be inconceivable. But one cannot help asking, Might not the same argument, *mutatis mutandis*, be urged as establishing the truth of the conception of the idealized Buddha?

There need be no dubiety, however, as to the real trend of Dr. Fairbairn's argument for the transcendence of the Personality of Christ. It is for him no question of imagination or speculative construction without basis. Here Dr. Fairbairn has reached a subject in the highest degree congenial to him, and he throws his whole marvelous force of exposition and illustration into it. What he sets himself to show is that,

if the Apostles put this transcendent meaning and value on the Person of Christ, they were justified in doing it by the history that preceded (cf. p. 475). Nothing could be more attractive than the way in which this thesis is worked out in detail. The history in the Gospels is that of a supernatural Person. It is the supernatural set in a history, the sobriety and minute realism of which prove it to be true. No ingenuity of criticism can eliminate this quality of the supernatural from it, or give verisimilitude to the hypothesis that the sublime, stainless, most universal yet most concrete, most natural yet most divine figure it presents to us, is the creation of imagination. Christ's witness to His own Personality bears out the impression produced by the impression of His character, religion, and life. This is what we have in the case of Christ that fails us in the case of Buddha; a history which supports the divine claims made for Him by His Apostles. Next to the testimony to the Person of Christ, Dr. Fairbairn enters at great length into the significance of the death of Christ, as interpreted by Himself and by the apostolic writers, and here also he finds a fundamental harmony. He discards juridical theories and seeks to give an interpretation of the great Sacrifice which is spiritual throughout. The consideration of his positions would involve discussions of a theological character unsuitable for these pages; space besides forbids; but we may state the conviction that certain of the author's constructions at least (as on the Rabbinical Law) are of doubtful legitimacy. Finally, as before noticed, the closing sections show how in the religion of Christ are realized the highest ideal of *all* religion. Weight is specially laid on the spiritual, non-institutional, universal character of the religion; on its ideas of the Fatherhood of God, and sonship

of man, and of the kingdom of God, defined as "perfect obedience towards God, embodied in perfect duty towards man" (p. 524, "Christ's Social Ideal"); above all, on Christ's own Person as the embodied ideal of His religion. We miss somehow in this picture an adequate carrying forward of the idea of redemption and of the forgiveness of sins, for which the previous sections had prepared us.

The crucial question, probably, on which a final judgment on Dr. Fairbairn's book will depend is the correctness of his interpretation of Christianity as bound up essentially with the divine transcendence of the Personality of Christ. Is the Incarnation truly a fact? Is Jesus Christ truly a Divine Person—the Eternal Son of God—manifest in the flesh? We have ourselves no quarrel with Dr. Fairbairn on this head; we think with him that the Gospels, the apostolic faith, and the history of mankind, admit of no lower interpretation. Though, if this is admitted, all the old problems come back again, on which Dr. Fairbairn has hardly touched. His faith is that of the historic Church; but he must be well aware that in circles of culture and enlightenment—in philosophy, in literature, among scholars, critics, students of religions, liberal theologians—the currents are strongly against him. Many will accept almost to the letter his delineation of Christianity in the concluding sections of his work, who will deny that the miraculous interpretation of the Person of Christ—the Incarnation proper—is essential to it. Mr. T. H. Green, e.g., were he living, or the Master of Balliol, would not assent to his view of the essence of Christianity; as little would it find favor with writers like the late A. Sabatier, or with Prof. Harnack and his enthusiastic following in and out of the Church. The

pre-eminent value of Principal Fairbairn's book, in fact, is, in our opinion, just this, that it brings us face to face with the ultimate alternative as to what the true essence of Christianity is. On the one hand, a Universal Father-God, whose presence fills the world and all human spirits; Jesus, the soul of the race in whom the consciousness of the Father, and the corresponding spirit of filial love, first came to full realization: the spirit of divine sonship learned from Jesus as the essence of religion and salvation—here, in sum, is the Christianity of the "modern" spirit. All else is dress-

ing, disguise, *Aberglaube*, religious symbolism, inheritance of the effete dogmatisms. Will this suffice for Christianity? Or is the Apostolic confession still to be held fast, that Christ is *Lord*: the Incarnate, the Living, the Exalted, the Redeemer and Saviour, the Head of all things for His Church and for the World? It is this question the Church of the immediate future will have to face, and meet with a very distinct answer, "Yes" or "No." The service of Principal Fairbairn's book is that it is a contribution on so grand a scale to the answer which we take to be the right one.

James Orr.

The Contemporary Review.

PARLIAMENTARY QUOTATIONS.

The House of Commons has many a rigid rule for the methodical regulation of its proceedings. The most trivial breach of these ordinances, any little incident, or even casual remark, which tends to distract the attention of Members from the subject under consideration, is met with a reproving cry of "order, order," from the Speaker. It is, therefore, surprising to find that on one occasion the House interrupted its proceedings, and laid aside for a while its habitual sense of order, decorousness, and solemnity, to settle a dispute between the Prime Minister and the leader of the Opposition as to the correctness of a Latin quotation. What is still more amazing is that the wager of a guinea was staked on the issue by these eminent statesmen, and that when the question was decided one of these gold coins (issued for the last time in 1813) was tossed to the leader of the Opposition by the Prime Minister across the floor of the House, without a hair even in the wig of the

Speaker being ruffled. Nevertheless, these strange things did happen in the House of Commons, though it is over a century and a half ago. We recently held in our hand, in the Medal Room of the British Museum, the identical guinea which Pulteney, leader of the Opposition, won of Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Minister, in 1741, for an incorrect quotation from Horace. Pulteney's Guinea, as this coin is called, shows on the obverse a bust of George the Second, with laurel in his hair, and on the reverse there is a shield in which not only the arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Electorate of Hanover are quartered, but also the lilies of France. On its being deposited in the British Museum it was accompanied by the following account of the wager, in the handwriting of Pulteney:

This guinea I desire may be kept as an heir-loom. It was won of Sir Robert Walpole in the House of Commons, he

asserting the verse in Horace to be *nulli pallescere culpa*, whereas I laid the wager of a guinea that it was *nulla pallescere culpă*. He sent for the book, and being convinced that he had lost, gave me this guinea. I told him I could take the money without any blush on my side, but I believed it was the only money he ever gave in the House where the giver and receiver ought not equally to blush. This guinea, I hope, will prove to my posterity the use of knowing Latin, and encourage them in their learning.

It was on February 11th, 1741, that this curious incident occurred in the House of Commons. Sandys on that day gave notice that on the ensuing Friday, February 13th, he would move an address to the King to dismiss Sir Robert Walpole from his councils and presence for ever. The Prime Minister at once declared he would be present to meet the motion, as he was not aware that he had committed any crime deserving of censure. Walpole was not a classical scholar, and, indeed, he never concealed his contempt for learning; but, no doubt, he felt, on this occasion, that he must follow the prevailing fashion of classical quotation, especially when questions of personal honor were being discussed, and so, laying his hand on his breast he said with some emotion,

Nil concire sibi, nulli pallescere culpa,

meaning that he was conscious in himself of no guilt, and need turn pale at the memory of no crime. "I am certain," said Pulteney, "that the Right Hon. gentleman's defence will prove as weak as his quotation is inaccurate, for what Horace wrote was *nulla pallescere culpă*." Walpole defended his quotation, and agreed to Pulteney's wager of a guinea that his rendering of the passage was correct, the Speaker seeing nothing unseemly in the proceedings. The decision of the dispute

was left to the Clerk of the House, Nicholas Hardinge, a distinguished classical scholar, who decided that Walpole was wrong, and produced a Horace to prove it. The Prime Minister tossed the guinea across the floor to Pulteney who caught it, and holding it up to the house exclaimed (with a hint at the corrupt and profligate expenditure ascribed to Walpole): "It is the only honest money that has come from the Treasury for many years!"

"Don't quote Latin; say what you have to say, and then sit down." This was the advice which the Duke of Wellington gave to a new Member who asked him how to get on in the House of Commons. Perhaps the first part of the injunction is now obsolete, for classical quotation has for many years fallen into disuse in Parliament. Its decline began about the middle of the nineteenth century; and we doubt that if even Pulteney's Guinea were placed in a case conspicuously on the table of the House of Commons, as evidence of the value of knowing Latin and quoting it correctly, it would tend to its revival. Knowledge of the Classics is not as common among our representatives as it was in the times of Walpole and Pulteney, Fox and Pitt, or even of Peel and Russell; and the cultured scholars in the House are, perhaps, restrained from giving point to an argument with a quotation from Horace or Virgil by the feeling that classical quotation would be regarded in these days as rather pedantic, and above all that its force and applicability would be lost on most of those who heard it. On the other hand, it would seem as if the quotations so common in the House years ago were not always noted for their point. Lord Iddesleigh relates in his diary that Disraeli and he once lamented the decline of classical quotation in Parliament. Disraeli stated that he was in the habit of using Latin passages in his speeches; but

Speaker Denison advised him to give it up. "Why," asked Disraeli. "Do you think Members don't like it?" "Oh no, the House rather likes it," replied the Speaker, "but you are making John Russell restless, and I am afraid of his taking to it too. He gave us six or seven lines of Virgil the other night, which had not the smallest connection with his speech or with the subject."

There was once a Parliament known as the Unlearned Parliament. It assembled as far back as 1404; and is described in text-books on the Constitution as *Parliamentum Indoctum*. It was regarded as unlearned not because its members never quoted from the Classics, but because no lawyer sat in it. In our times lawyers are numerous in the House of Commons, and to them is due the little Latin that is now heard in that assembly. They do not treat the House to the ponderous classic lore with which statesmen at the beginning of the nineteenth century loaded their speeches, but they keep in constant circulation such illuminating phrases as *de facto*, *in extenso*, *inter alia*, *nolens volens*, *pari passu*, and *brutum fulmen*. The average Member, however, when he quotes at all, quotes from English literature, and, as at all times in its history, the House of Commons thoroughly enjoys a happy and witty quotation in a language it understands.

In debate there is hardly anything more rhetorically effective than turning what appears to be an apt quotation in the mouth of the person using it to the discomfiture of his argument. On March 22nd, 1770, George Grenville, as leader of the Opposition, brought forward a motion to alter the procedure in the trying of election petitions, which was opposed by Lord North's Government. DeGrey, the Attorney-General, concluded his speech against what he called "the dangerous innovation" proposed in the motion by quot-

ing the line from Hamlet's soliloquy that it was better to

Bear those ills we have
Than to fly to others that we know
not of.

Wedderburn (subsequently Lord Chancellor Loughborough) rose instantly, and made a happy reply to the quotations by continuing Hamlet's reflections:

Thus conscience does make cowards
of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
thought,
And enterprises of great pith and mo-
ment
With this regard their currents turn
awry,
And lose the name of action.

Edmund Burke, after his quarrel with his Whig colleagues over the French Revolution, crossed the floor of the House of Commons, and, though he held no office, took his seat on the Treasury Bench with William Pitt, the Prime Minister, and the other members of the Government. During a debate on the Volunteer Corps Bill, April 1st, 1794, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan spoke, and the conflict of opinion which separated Burke from his old companions-in-arms, broke out afresh. In the course of the discussion Philip Francis complained of the practice of three or four Members, by long speeches, occupying most of the attention of the House. Burke maintained that this charge was directed mainly against Sheridan, and he recommended to the consideration of the hon. gentleman the lines of an American writer:

Solid men of Boston make no long
potations,
Solid men of Boston make no long
orations,
Bow, wow, wow!

But if Sheridan got drunk occasionally..

and made long speeches, he prided himself on his consistency as a politician; and what was Burke but a political weathercock? "Let me remind the Right Hon. gentleman," said he "that an injunction against long potations and long speeches is not the only moral precept to be found in the writer he recommends. I desire to bring to the notice of the Right Hon. gentleman this passage:

He went to Daddy Jenkin by Trimmer Hall attended,
In such good company, good lack!
how his morals must have mended.
Bow, wow, wow!

Burke could not conceal his mortification at this effective turning of the weapon of quotation against himself, and he rose again, when Sheridan had concluded, to try to pour balm into his wound. "Without subjecting myself to the imputation of vanity," said he, "I hope I may so far rely upon my moral character as to suppose that it can receive neither diminution nor addition from any testimony which the hon. gentleman may bear to it."

Another happy example of depriving a quotation of its aptness by completing it, occurred during a debate on the extension of the franchise, in days before the Reform Act. George Canning urged that the system of nomination boroughs formed part of the British Constitution and had "Grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength"; quoting from Pope's "Essay on Man." Sir Francis Burdett, insisting that the nomination boroughs were "rotten boroughs," pointed out that the Right Hon. gentleman had forgotten to quote the first line of the couplet,

The young disease, which must subdue at length,
Grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength.

Canning highly appreciated the retort, and admitted it was a happy and just one. Perhaps if the quotation had had a personal sting Canning would not have acknowledged its aptness so readily.

Richard Cobden thus exultingly wrote to his wife referring to a quotation he used in a speech in the House of Commons, June 5th, 1855. "The roar of laughter against Molesworth at my 'black and curly' allusion disconcerted him sadly. I met him in the cloak-room on leaving the House. We exchanged a bantering word or two, 'How are you?' said he with a grim effort at the facetious. 'How are *you*?' was my reply." The debate was on a motion against the continuance of the Crimean War, which Sir William Molesworth, as a member of Palmerston's Government, opposed; and Cobden, in reply taunted the Right Hon. gentleman with having changed his views since his accession to office. He said:

Does the Right Hon. gentleman remember a *jeu d'esprit* of the poet Moore when dealing in 1833 with the Whig occupants of the Treasury benches, shortly after they had emerged from a long penance in the dreary wilderness of the Opposition and when the Whigs showed themselves to be Tories when in office? I think he and I have laughed over the *jeu d'esprit* when we have been talking over the sudden conversions of Right Hon. gentlemen. The poet illustrated the matter by a story of an Irishman who went to the West Indies, and before landing heard some of the blacks speaking tolerably bad English, whereupon mistaking them for his own countrymen he exclaimed, "What! black and curly already?" (Laughter.) Now, we have all seen metamorphoses upon those benches, how colors have changed and features become deformed when men came under the influence of the Treasury atmosphere; but I must say that, never to my knowledge, have I seen a

change in which there has been so deep a black and so stiff a curl. (*Laughter and cheers.*)

The squib to which Cobden referred is Moore's "Paddy's Metamorphosis," "wrung from me," the author said, "by the Irish Coercion Act of my friends the Whigs" in 1833. Paddy, as the ship approached the West India islands, was thinking with joy of his approaching meeting with friends who had emigrated but two years before:

And hark! from the shore a glad welcome there came,—
"Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, me sweet boy?"
While Paddy stood astounded, to hear his own name
Thus hail'd by black devils, who caper'd for joy!

Can it possibly be? Half amazement, half doubt,
Pat listens again, rubs his eyes and looks steady;
Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,
"Good Lord!—only think—black and curly already!"

Macaulay, despite his vast knowledge of literature and his stupendous memory, rarely backed his opinions with quotations. We can find only two citations from English poets in his Parliamentary speeches. Speaking in opposition to a Tory motion of want of confidence in the Melbourne Ministry, January 29th, 1840, he said:

A great Tory poet, whose eminent services to the cause of monarchy had been ill-requited by an ungrateful Court, boasted that

"Loyalty is still the same
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon."

Toryism has now changed its character. We have lived to see a monster of a faction made up of the worst parts of the Cavalier and the worst parts of the

Roundhead. We have lived to see a race of disloyal Tories. We have lived to see Tories giving themselves the airs of those insolent pikemen who puffed out their tobacco smoke in the face of Charles the First. We have lived to see Tories who, because they are not allowed to grind the people after the fashion of Strafford, turn round and revile the Sovereign in the style of Hugh Peters.

This passage, with its wealth of historical allusion, is characteristic of Macaulay's style of oratory. Our second extract is of a similar nature. On March 9th, 1843, a motion was moved in the House of Commons censuring Lord Ellenborough, the Governor-General of India, for having taken away the gates from a Mahomedan mosque and presented them to the Hindoo temple of Somnauth. Macaulay supported the motion, and referring to the proclamation couched in ornate Oriental phraseology, issued by Lord Ellenborough, on the occasion, said:

It is neither English or Indian. It is not original, however; and I will tell the House where the Governor-General found his models. He has apparently been studying the rants of the French Jacobins during the period of their ascendancy, the Carmagnoles of the Convention, the proclamations issued by the Directory and its Pro-Consuls; and he has been seized with a desire to imitate these compositions. The pattern which he seems to have especially proposed to himself is the rodomontade in which it was announced that the modern Gauls were marching to Rome in order to avenge the fate of Dumnorix and Vercingetorex. Everybody remembers those lines in which revolutionary justice is described by Mr. Canning:

"Not she in British courts who takes her stand,
The dawdling balance dangling in her hand;
But firm, erect, with keen reverted glance,
The avenging angel of regenerate France,

Who visits ancient sins on modern times,
And punishes the Pope for Cæsar's crimes."

In the same spirit and in the same style our Governor-General has proclaimed his intention to retaliate on the Mussulmans beyond the mountains the insults which their ancestors, eight hundred years ago, offered to the idolatry of the Hindoos.

Several fine and appropriate quotations from the English poets stand to the credit of Gladstone. Nothing could be happier than his quotation from Scott on seconding the motion for the adjournment of the House of Commons on the occasion of Sir Robert Peel's death in 1850:

I will only, Sir, quote those most touching and feeling lines which were applied by one of the greatest poets of this country to the memory of a man great indeed, but yet not greater than Sir Robert Peel:

"Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon light is quenched in smoke;
The trumpet's silver voice is still;
The warden silent on the hill."

Introducing the Budget of 1854, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Aberdeen's Ministry, he said, referring to the vote of the House to increase the army by forty thousand men in view of the campaign in the Crimea:

This looks like an intention to carry on your war with vigor; and the wish and the hope of Her Majesty's Government is that that may be truly said of the people of England with regard to this war, which was, I am afraid, not so truly said of Charles the Second by a courtly but great poet, Dryden:

"He, without fear, a dangerous war pursues,
Which, without rashness, he began before."

That, we trust, will be the motto of the people of England; and you have this

advantage that the sentiment of Europe, and we trust the might of Europe, is with you.

When Gladstone moved, on March 30th, 1868, the resolutions upon which the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church was subsequently based, his speech contained, perhaps, two of the most pointed and effective quotations ever heard in the House of Commons. He said:

There is something in the idea of a National Establishment of religion, of a solemn appropriation of a part of the Commonwealth, for conferring upon all who are ready to receive it what we know to be an inestimable benefit; of saving that portion of the inheritance from private selfishness, in order to extract from it, if we can, pure and unmixed advantages of the highest order for the population at large,—there is something in this so attractive, that it is an image that must always command the homage of the many. It is somewhat like the kingly ghost in Hamlet, of which one of the characters of Shakespeare says:

"We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery."

But, Sir, this is to view a religious Establishment upon one side only, upon what I may call the ethereal side. It has likewise a side of earth; and here I cannot do better than quote some lines written by the present Archbishop of Dublin,—Dr. Trench—at a time when his genius was devoted to the Muses. He said, in speaking of mankind:

"We, who did our lineage high
Draw from beyond the starry sky,
Are yet upon the other side
To earth and to its dust allied."

And so the Church Establishment, regarded in its theory and in its aim, is beautiful and attractive. Yet what is it but an appropriation of public property, an appropriation of the fruits of labor and of skill to certain pur-

poses; and unless those purposes be fulfilled that appropriation cannot be justified. Therefore, Sir, I cannot but feel that we must set aside fears which thrust themselves upon the imagination, and act upon the sober dictates of our judgment.

The late Sir William Fraser has recorded that Whiteside, afterwards Chief Justice of Ireland, once said to him, when discoursing on the principles of oratory: "Whenever you are about to make a joke, whenever you are about to quote poetry, in the House of Commons, or elsewhere, always explain your joke beforehand; always paraphrase your poetry." Whiteside then gave him, as an illustration, an extract from Grattan's speech on the abolition of the Irish Parliament. Grattan compared the Parliament to the recently dead body of a beautiful girl. He gave a description of the life-like look which her body still wore; of the difficulty of believing that she was really dead; and then burst upon his audience with the exquisite lines from "Romeo and Juliet":

O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of
thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy
beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's en-
sign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy
cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced
there.

Whiteside himself, when Attorney-General in Ireland in 1866, made a happy Shakespearian quotation in the House of Commons. There had been an affray between peasants and police at Six-mile-Bridge in Clare, and several people were shot. At the inquest the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the police. The matter was discussed in the House, and Whiteside in defending the police

quoted with great effect from "Hamlet" in reference to the verdict. "I am asked" said he, "is this law? I reply, 'Aye! Marry is't; Crowner's quest law?'"

John Bright once said that the main sources of inspiration for his oratory were the Bible and the English poets. He probably had in mind his language, —his words and phrases—for there is a most unexpected absence of quotation from his speeches in the House of Commons. He once quoted in a spirit of banter and ridicule the well-known couplet,—

Let wealth and commerce, laws and
learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility—

which appeared in the boyish volume of poems, "England's Trust," published by Lord John Manners when he was a member of the group of young politicians in the House of Commons known as the Young England Party, of whom Disraeli was the most conspicuous. Lord John retorted: "I would sooner be the foolish young man who wrote those lines than the malignant old man who quoted them."

"The Liberal Party take their stand upon the Constitution," said Bright in the course of a fine speech in defence of the Reform Bill of 1866, introduced by Gladstone on behalf of the Russell Administration. Robert Lowe who, with other seceding Liberals, opposed the measure, replied that Bright's spectacle of the Liberal Party standing upon the Constitution put him in mind of the American squib:

Here we stand upon the Constitution,
by thunder,
It's a fact of which there are
bushels of proofs;
For how could we trample upon it, I
wonder,
If it wasn't continually under our
hoofs?

The conclusion of Lowe's speech, which

he emphasized with another quotation, is characteristic of his oratory, once described by Disraeli as "hailing with horrid melody the moon." "If the Constitution is to perish," he cried, "as all human things must perish, give it, at any rate, time to gather its robe about it, and to fall with decency and deliberation.

"To-morrow! O that's sudden! Spare it! Spare it!
It ought not so to die!"

In the debate on the second reading of Gladstone's Irish University Bill in 1873, Edward Horsman created some surprise by delivering an able and bitter attack on the measure which he had first welcomed as a settlement of the question. Horsman and Lowe were two of the revolted Liberals, forming, as Bright put it, the Cave of Adullam, who opposed the Reform Bill of 1866, and led to its defeat and the resignation of the Government; but Lowe was now Chancellor of the Exchequer in Gladstone's Administration, and to him fell the task of replying to Horsman. He evoked much laughter by the following passage in his speech, in which he insinuated that Horsman's disappointment in not being invited to join the Government had something to do with his unexpected onslaught on the Bill:

There are Abdiels who will not leave their friend. There is one member of the House whose sympathy with us I feel unequal to express; and would, therefore, for that purpose take the liberty of resorting to a Bard of Erin:

"Come, rest in this bosom, my own striken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee
thy home is still here:
Here still is the smile that no cloud
can o'ercast,
And a hand and a heart all thy own
to the last."

Major O'Gorman who was a promi-

nent member (in more ways than one) of the Irish Party some years ago, once made a very humorous and telling quotation from an Irish song by Charles Lever. There was a debate on some grievances of the negroes in the West Indies, in the course of which the industrious and moral qualities of the blacks were extolled by their advocates. "I have listened," said O'Gorman, "to a good deal from hon. members who, I think, can never have seen a negro in their lives. I have lived among them; I know something of their habits, and every negro I have seen might say in the words of the poet:

'I never was given to work,
It wasn't the way with the Bradys;
But I'd make a most illigant Turk
For I'm fond of tobacco—and
ladies!"'

In the last Session of Parliament, the Session of 1901, Mr. Gibson Bowles caused some excitement by two quotations which were regarded by those to whom they did not apply as the happiest and most apt that had been heard in the House of Commons for years. On July 22nd, lamenting the want of spirit in the Opposition, he said:

A week or two ago he had hopes of an Opposition being formed; but since he had read the speech of the possible leader of the Opposition, who complained with great bitterness of having been left to plough his furrow alone, his hopes had been disappointed (*laughter*), and he was irresistibly reminded of the similar case of Alexander Selkirk, who had said:

"I'm out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of
speech,
I start at the sound of my own."

(*Loud laughter.*) And then, as if turning to his own party, Lord Rosebery proceeded:

"The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with men,
Their tameness is shocking to me."

(Renewed laughter and cheers.) Yes, it was shocking, and shocking to him (*laughter*); and indeed, a serious matter to the House also. There might be a few amateur critics of the Government on the Government side of the House, but effective criticism of the Government could come only from a united Opposition.

A few weeks later, on August 7th, just before the prorogation of Parliament, Mr. Bowles turned his attention to the Ministerialists, and their leader in the House of Commons. To them he applied the following quotation from Bolingbroke's "Dissertation on Parties":

All men are fallible; but here lies the difference. Some men, such as I have just mentioned, crossed by difficulties, pressed by exigencies, transported by their own passions, or by the passions of those who fight under their banner, may now and then deviate into error, and into error of long and fatal consequence. But there are some men, such as I shall not mention on this occasion (because I reserve them for another and a better), who never deviate into the road of good sense, (*Nation-*

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alist cheers) ["wait for the end" interjected Mr. Bowles] who, crossed by no difficulties, pressed by no exigencies, meeting scarce opposition enough to excite their industry (*cheers*), and guiding a tame, well-tutored flock (*cheers and laughter*) that follow their bellwether obstinately, but never tread on his heels (*laughter*); there are men, I say, whose special privilege it is to proceed with all these advantages, deliberately and superciliously from blunder to blunder, from year to year, in one perpetual maze of confused incoherent, inconsistent, unmeaning schemes of business. (*Cheers and laughter.*)

The day of happy English quotation, unlike the Latin, will never be over in the House of Commons. But, as in the Latin quotation has degenerated to *bona fide, cum grano salis, and ad valorem*, so there is a tendency in English to be content with such commonplaces as "Where ignorance is bliss" and "Distance lends enchantment," etc. A habit of loose and inaccurate citation is also noticeable. We have heard "stone walls do not a prison make" cited as "an ancient adage"; and another member recently enriched the stock of happy Parliamentary quotations by declaring—"As the Scriptures say 'It is all sound and fury signifying nothing'!"

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AIR-SHIP.

It is easy to imagine man's first attempts to navigate seas or rivers. We can picture him astride of a log in shoal water, with one foot at the bottom, paddling about in a pool or floating with a gentle stream until he has learned to rig a rudder or to set a sail. It has always been wholly different with the navigator of the air. For him there are no shoals to experiment in,

and the tides he must reckon with are uncertain and unseen. But the great and cardinal difference, often overlooked, between the navigation of water and that of air, lies in the fact that a boat is manoeuvred in two elements while the air-ship must deal with one alone. Floating on a fluid of considerable density, but with readily yielding surface, a boat can be easily

propelled by an oar whose immersed blade is held within the water. Or if a sail be raised to the wind, then whether the water be still or running it is easy to arrange matters so as to get "steerage way," when navigation becomes simply a matter of utilizing the existing forces of nature.

It is needless to say that these conditions do not obtain in the case of the aerial navigator, and yet we have reason to believe that his practical endeavors to sail the sky date far back in time. It is common to assign man's first successful endeavors in the direction of the conquest of the air to the eighteenth century, to the floating globe of Montgolfier, or the mechanical flight of Besnier. But in truth this view is hardly just, for many centuries earlier he had come very near to solving the problem of aerostation when toying with that very principle which to-day is regarded as lying at the root of success—the aero-plane. It would seem that that simplest adaptation of the aero-plane, the kite, was well known in Eastern Asia, in China and Japan, and yet more in the Malay Archipelago, centuries before the Christian era, at which period, according to tradition, the flying of kites into the heavens was a well-practised art, associated with religious rites, while according to a Japanese record of six hundred years ago huge kites were positively used to elevate a man into the air for the purpose of reconnoitring in war. Serviceable kites are again in vogue, modified and improved. Many have departed from their pristine form, while all, as by a process of true development, have lost their tails; and they are now sent aloft to a height of two miles carrying instruments and taking photographs. Nor have their capabilities ended here. They have raised men safely many feet aloft, and have kept weights equal to that of a man suspended in the air for hours.

Further, on one occasion a kite which broke away took over its own management, and using its dragging string (or rather wire) as a trail rope, and scorning all obstacles, accomplished a long free voyage without mishap.

Here, then, we have a very ancient instrument indeed which has certainly approached the rank of a true air-ship, operated solely by the forces of Nature. And in the outset it may be that Nature herself suggested this aerial machine. For she has her own kite-flyers. The spider that spinning a long loose thread allows itself to be wafted into the air is a kite-flying aeronaut whose methods are truly scientific. Following up the records of aerostation we presently find man entrusting himself to the air by aid of other means, but even so by once again copying Nature. It was in times far back, and the feats performed being regarded as partaking of the marvellous, it is difficult to arrive at exact truth; but it would appear that several attempts were made at different times at that particular form of flight which is known as soaring or gliding flight, and which will be more specifically discussed in due place. It amounted to little more than gradually floating down to earth from some high eminence. There is record that in the reign of the Confessor a monk by name Elmerus accomplished such a flight from a tower in Spain. A similar flight was made from St. Mark's steeple, Venice, another at Nuremburg. In these cases we have but an imitation of the winged seeds that every autumn sail down to earth in a gliding flight from the tree-top. Nature shows how she adapts the flying apparatus of each to its special circumstances and requirements with consummate art. The pine seed which launches itself from a high elevation accomplishes an extended flight even in calm air by a rapid fluttering of the lightest of all wings.

The ash seed, on the contrary, by virtue of its strong attachment to the tree never sets sail except in a wind, and its aero-planes are a perfect model for the mechanical aeronaut.

The next attempt at aerial travel, already referred to, was a new endeavor of a far more practical nature. The date was about two hundred years ago, when a craftsman of Sable, by name Besnier, essayed to imitate true flight by a mechanical contrivance of his own devising. On each of his shoulders he laid a light oar having a large cup-like blade at either end. These oars being grasped by each hand in front and connected with the corresponding foot by straps behind, were worked alternately up and down, and the hollow of the blades being always towards the ground, it is clear that by thus incessantly beating or flapping the air in a downward direction he counteracted his tendency to fall. Indeed, it would seem that starting from some little elevation he was able by dint of great physical exertion to raise himself somewhat in the air, and thus to cover a considerable distance of ground.

Eighty years later and the world stood electrified at the launching of the first true air-ship that ever climbed into the sky. It was in a sense a departure from nature, for it has been said with truth that in all nature there is no balloon; and the Montgolfiers' huge hot-air globe now introduced was a true balloon even though it ascended without the use of gas. But within twelve months—so fast did the new-born art develop—a smaller globe filled with hydrogen gas was substituted under M. Charles for the huge spheroid carrying its blazing furnace, and then the rival systems of the Montgolfière and Charlière vied with each other in bold and brilliant performances. But though the balloon in either form still holds its own, and serves useful ends to-day, nevertheless, as though by rea-

son of being a contradiction of nature, its capabilities are and must ever remain strictly limited. A huge unwieldy hull, it will be seen, after all that skill and science and noble courage have done, to be almost wholly at the mercy of those overmastering air streams which blow persistently aloft six days out of every seven.

It is curious and instructive to note the endeavors which with an almost childish simplicity balloonists at first made to manoeuvre their cumbersome crafts. Oars were used to paddle with, and when these proved ineffectual in altering the balloon's horizontal course, owing to the enormous wind pressure on so large a surface, they were used in an attempt to work it upwards or downwards, with the idea of economizing gas and ballast. And inasmuch as a balloon is constantly dipping or rising according to varying conditions of temperature, moisture, and pressure, the rorer was for the while deluded into the belief that his efforts were frequently availing. The mistake lay in forgetfulness of the nature of the medium he was trying to navigate. A balloon fairly poised might with little effort be moved downwards a little way, but by the time it had descended only a thousand feet it would be exerting an overwhelming force to return to its former position. In actual fact the rorer was attempting with an impulse of ounces only to do the work of hundredweights.

Tardily recognizing this the balloonist modified the form of the mass he sought to move, making its shape elongated and more or less pointed, somewhat like that of a torpedo or a cigar, and next with yet better results he followed the lines of nature, copying the flying-fish and building his vessel full in front but tapering aft. In this design too he was also partly guided by going to the running stream and watching the nature of the eddies

which form behind the obstacles to its flood. At this point the balloonist added to his vessel's now altered shape a screw propeller, worked generally by some light form of motor. M. Giffard, the famous inventor of the injector of the steam engine, as long ago as 1852, ascending alone, and working his own machinery, faced rough weather in an elongated balloon, the screw of which he drove by a mere coke-burning engine. The result was such as to justify the opinion expressed by experts who looked on that in a gentler wind the ship would have been under perfect control. M. Giffard himself shared this belief, and at once sought to repeat his experiments with an improved engine. The sequel is desperately sad. Ere his new craft was ready the great mechanician was stricken with blindness.

But a very creditable attempt with a flying machine was made at this time by aid of other force than that of steam. The experimenter was M. Dupuy de Lôme, whose enthusiastic love for aeronautics had been stimulated by the brilliant ballooning exploits, in which he himself had shared, during the siege of Paris. The siege ended, De Lôme having constructed an airship of proportionate size, took on board a crew of fourteen men, who were to work it in relays by mere manual labor.

The trials with this craft, which were entirely without mishap, went to show that the ship, while satisfactorily answering the helm, was capable of a speed of some six miles an hour. But M de Lôme had introduced another all-important feature. Recognizing that so slender a machine as a balloon driven against the wind was liable to lose the peculiar shape which was considered essential to its success, he devised within the balloon an internal ballonette, capable of being either inflated or discharged, by which means the exterior envelope could always be

kept distended. With quite equal success two other French aeronauts, the brothers Tissandier, now constructed a balloon of the elongated type, which though far smaller was fully as efficient as its predecessors. The secret of this lay in a new invention which by this time had been sufficiently perfected and lay ready to hand. This was an electric motor of considerable power, placed in circuit with a battery of bichromate cells.

Everything now pointed to the probability of fresh conquests being shortly won; and in due time, though no less than eighteen years ago, two French officers achieved a triumph which, after duly considering the inferior means at their disposal, will fully rank with, even if it will not be reckoned to excel, the splendid attempts which have recently put out of mind former achievements won against greater odds. Captains Renard and Krebs in the year 1884, applying an electric motor to a fish-shaped balloon, succeeded at their first public trial in making an aerial outward journey of two and a half miles from Chalais Meudon, when wheeling round and easily beating back against a light breeze they practically arrived at their starting point. The maximum speed attained during this trial trip was twelve miles an hour. Equal success attended subsequent trials, and on a final occasion the same vessel, after having performed a variety of aerial evolutions extending over thirty-five minutes, returned once more to its starting point.

In the next decade the navigable balloon was put to crucial tests, certainly one of the most remarkable trials being that of Count Zeppelin, who constructed an air-ship, cigar-shaped, of mammoth size, measuring upwards of four hundred feet in length, and subdivided into numerous compartments with the object of preventing the gas collecting at either of the ends. Steer-

ing apparatus was placed both fore and aft, and power was obtained from two motor engines driving propellers at a thousand revolutions per minute. In its first trial the monster vessel showed little capacity for battling with the wind, but on a day of comparative calm it remained aloft for a period of twenty minutes, during which time it proved perfectly manageable, making a graceful journey out and home, and returning close to its point of departure.

The famous exploits of Santos-Dumont, being matter of most recent history, need be only briefly referred to. By the time the young Brazilian had achieved his chief triumph, he had experimented with no fewer than six air-ships, a principal feature of which was an internal balloonette inflated automatically by a ventilator. In July, 1901, Santos-Dumont made an attempt to win the Deutsch prize, which stipulated that any competitor should start from the grounds of the Aero Club at Longchamps, and wheeling round the Eiffel Tower should return to the same grounds in half an hour. In his first attempt Santos-Dumont was behind time by eleven minutes, a cylinder having broken down. In the month following another attempt was made, and the outward journey accomplished with twenty-five minutes to the good, but in those fateful minutes the wind played havoc, and the balloon was crippled, and finally fouling a chimney, lodged the voyager high up against a blank wall, whence he had to be rescued by firemen. Other attempts followed, the last being one of special interest. The first half of the journey occupied nine minutes only, but after rounding the tower the wind was adverse, and the propeller became deranged. On this, Santos-Dumont, crawling along the framework, succeeded in restarting the motor, from which point the return journey was accomplished

in eight minutes, and the race at the time declared lost by forty seconds only.

One other attempt, alike glorious and unhappy, made with a navigable balloon, must be looked at, and our review of the balloon air-ship may be considered sufficiently dealt with. In the summer of 1896, M. Andréé sailed northwards, taking with him a balloon specially designed for the purpose of being steered over the North Pole in a favorable wind. Selecting Dane's Island as a convenient place, he made needful preparation, and waited for the wind, which that season never came until it was high time to fly south to avoid the winter. The next summer the same tactics were again followed, and again the adventurer waited long for a wind. Three weeks were wasted, during which the balloon, already inflated, was losing buoyancy, and Andréé is hardly to be blamed for committing himself in the end to a wind which was not wholly favorable. The start was made on the 11th of July, and of what followed little is known. A few messages cast out by the voyagers were subsequently picked up, and we may at least assume that the hazardous aerial journey proved the longest of all on record, for at the end of forty-eight hours the balloon was described as still travelling well. In the famous though unsuccessful attempt of Count de la Vaulx to cross the Mediterranean recently, the voyage, which was considered phenomenal in length, lasted little over forty-one hours.

As to the possibility or otherwise of mere mechanical flight, there have been many theorizers.

Helmholtz argues that on the showing of mathematical analysis the size of a bird must have a limit, unless muscles can be so developed that for the same mass they shall perform more work. He has pointed out that in

larger birds capable of the greatest performances we find flesh-eaters. It is, he says, therefore probable that in the model of the great vulture Nature has reached her limit; and it is scarcely to be considered likely that man, even by means of the most ingenious wing-like mechanism that must be moved by his own muscles, will ever possess the strength needed to raise his own weight in the air and continue there.

In this conclusion every reasonable mechanician must have fully concurred, yet dating back from quite the early days of practical aeronautics, a rival school to that of the balloonists arose, asserting that as birds are heavier than air, so the air locomotive of the future would have to be a machine itself heavier than air, but capable of being navigated by a motor yet to be discovered which would develop proportionate power. The problem in the simplest and most hopeful form was that of simulating the soaring flight of birds already referred to, for here was a case of flight involving apparently the expenditure of extremely little power, comparatively speaking, and yet, too, a case where the weight of the flyer was greater beyond all comparison than the weight of the volume of the medium displaced. To the eye of the distant observer the soaring bird appears to float in air almost in the same manner as a ship floats in water; and yet, as has been pointed out, the bird's specific gravity is nearly a thousand times as great as that of air, "far greater in proportion than that of a ship of solid lead or gold would be to water."

An all-important fact, however, has to be conceded with regard to even the best examples of the soaring bird. It would seem that to maintain anything like an even and direct horizontal sailing flight, a wind of some considerable force is essential. With a light wind a soaring motion in a direct line amounts

only to a gradual slanting descent towards the earth. In such conditions it is asserted that the only way in which the bird can maintain or increase its elevation (without apparent flapping) is by soaring in spirals. In attempting the solution of the problem offered by the soaring bird, it is taken for granted that by special natural adaptation to circumstances and by sheer habit and practice the bird can perform a marvellous feat of balancing. It is moreover plausibly suggested that the bird may derive certain advantage from the complex air streams varying in speed and direction which assert themselves aloft, as also from actual ascending currents which may be very generally in evidence. With greater force it has been argued that a thin flat or somewhat hollowed surface travelling swiftly and horizontally by an initial impulse, and keeping its edge in the direction of its flight, may subside towards the earth much more slowly than might be imagined. Indeed, experiment has gone to show that this is actually the case, and that the time occupied in descent is vastly increased by an increase of speed. Let us regard the matter more closely. It is a familiar statement, illustrating one of the laws of motion, that if a cannon shot were fired horizontally across a level plane, and at the moment of its discharge another shot were simply let fall from the muzzle, then both shots would reach the earth at the same time.

But the question arises, what would be the case if the two bodies experimented with, instead of being spherical, were thin plates with their surfaces kept horizontal, or, in other words, aero-planes? Would they in this case also reach the earth in the same time? To this question trial seems to have given no uncertain answer; and it is positively asserted that aero-planes travelling at speed in this

manner will be retarded in their fall to earth, and greatly more so in proportion to their velocity.

Sir H. Maxim's discussion of the behavior of aero-planes moving at speed through the air is worthy of the closest consideration. "If," he says, "we should arrange a dozen aero-planes, each a foot wide, in the air, one directly behind the other, we should find that the forward aero-plane lifted a great deal more than the one next to it, while the last of the series would lift very little indeed. The first aero-plane is continually striking new air, the inertia of which has not been destroyed, and in order to produce a lifting effect it throws the air downwards; consequently all the aero-planes which succeed it are riding on air the inertia of which has already been disturbed; in other words, the air is travelling downwards, and the lifting effect becomes greatly reduced. So with large aero-planes the front edge practically does all the lifting; and the only way to obviate this is to make the aero-plane in the form of a curve, so that the angle is always increasing, which however again increases the amount of power required."

When all is said and done, it must be frankly admitted that the true mode of a bird's soaring flight still remains a mystery. Nevertheless certain attempts which have been made to accomplish what may best be termed a gliding flight deserve attention. Foremost amongst those who in recent years have experimented in this direction must be mentioned Otto Lilienthal. This expert mechanician, foreseeing that any effort to sail on the back of a strong wind, though theoretically possible, would in practice be attended with too much uncertainty and danger, devoted years of assiduous labor to the simpler task of merely gliding downwards in still air upon a slightly inclined path. Yet even so he is in the

end compelled to admit that on account of the elasticity of the air itself permanent stability can only be obtained by a constant and arbitrary correction of the position of the centre of gravity, a fact which he is assured is performed by birds in virtue of a perfect adaptation of the form of their wings to any aerial motion. The apparatus used, which weighed forty-five pounds, somewhat resembled the spread wings of a bat, its frame being of willow covered with sheeting, and the entire area measuring 150 square feet. With this apparatus, starting from a tower thirty-five feet high, it was possible to glide over a distance of fifty yards at an angle of descent of from ten to fifteen degrees. Eventually this mode of flight cost the bold inventor his life.

A few years later Mr. Percy S. Pilcher, an engineer, originally trained in the Navy, took up soaring experiments at the point at which Lilienthal had left them. Modifying the apparatus to suit his own method, Mr. Pilcher adopted the device of rising off the ground by being rapidly towed with a line against the wind. And when conditions were favorable his efforts were attended with much success. In a very few years, however, this experimenter met his death while manipulating his machine in squally weather. His method of attempted flight has been since pursued, more particularly in America, with a greater measure of success.

The nearest approach to a true flying machine, properly so called, and heavier than air, evolved itself from small models which self-contained were caused more or less successfully to fly about a lecture room. The most noteworthy of these was due to M. Penaud, and is probably the best known as also the most efficient. Nevertheless it is simply a rubber-driven toy, capable at best of maintaining itself in the air but for the fraction of a minute, and cal-

culations based on its performance went to show that the power demanded for free flight would be much in excess of that which theory had indicated.

Professor Langley in exhaustive experiments, carried on through many years, constructed many modifications of the above-mentioned models. He also built a "whirling table" of large size, driven by steam, by means of which he could test the behavior of the various wings and propellers which he designed. Experimenting with stuffed birds of the albatross type, he found that these could not be made to soar except at a speed vastly greater than any practiced by the birds in life, and that, given a certain sustaining surface, no flying model could carry anything like the weight which Nature does without a much greater power than she employs. The limit of possibility was formulated in the statement that the best engine which could be built at that time—1891—applied to best advantage, might sustain 200 pounds in the air at a horizontal velocity of about sixty feet per second.

Professor Langley eventually constructed a model measuring twelve or fourteen feet from end to end of the sustaining surface, the weight with fuel and water being about thirty pounds, and the engine having an efficiency of one horse-power. Being started with due initial velocity this machine continued to fly for nearly two minutes, during which it travelled for about a mile, and then quietly settled to earth. One of the most important of Professor Langley's deductions was that, "whereas in land or marine transport increased speed is maintained only by a disproportionate expenditure of power within the limits of experiment, in aerial horizontal transport the higher speeds are more economical of power than the lower ones."

In the few years which have elapsed

since Professor Langley's experiments were made, the introduction of the petrol engine has opened up increased possibilities for the flying machine, and in view of these possibilities Sir Hiram Maxim states the case at the present time thus: "It is quite true that a bird can develop a great deal more energy from a pound of carbon consumed than it is possible to develop with any artificial motor; but, on the other hand, nature has not yet developed a bird that can feed on petroleum, and petroleum carries much more energy in proportion to its weight than any food on which it is possible for a bird to feed. Petroleum motors have already been developed which are sufficiently light to propel machines which fly after the manner of a bird, and we shall fly whenever we ascertain how this power may be advantageously employed."

Sir Hiram Maxim's initial experiments were on the same lines as those of Professor Langley, but with larger apparatus. His whirling machine, consisting of a long arm, described a circle two hundred feet in circumference, and at the end of this arm was attached a cigar-shaped model driven by a screw, and adapted to carry aero-planes of any description and in any manner desired. The experiments went to show that one horse-power sufficed to carry a weight of 133 pounds if a speed of some forty miles an hour were maintained. We have already spoken of the kite as in effect a true aero-plane flying machine, and Sir H. S. Maxim compares the work of his apparatus to the action of a kite. He asserts that the downward pull of the string in a well-flown kite is four or five times greater than the pull against the wind. In his own apparatus he was able to make the upward lift, which would correspond to the vertical strain on the kite string, as much as fourteen times as great as the thrust against the wind:

and he convinced himself that it would be an exceedingly simple matter to make a flying machine on the aeroplane system, provided we were able to produce on a large scale the same amount of lift in proportion to the thrust that we are able to produce in a small experimental apparatus.

To put his conclusions to a practical and adequate test Sir H. S. Maxim constructed a mammoth flying machine, the weight of which was no less than 7,500 pounds, the screw propellers being nearly eighteen feet in diameter, each with two blades, while the engines were capable of being run up to 300 horse-power. The entire machine was mounted on an inner railway track of nine feet and an outer track of thirty-five feet gauge, while above there was a "reversed rail" along which the machine would begin to run as soon as with increase of speed it commenced to lift itself off the lower track. In one of the latest experiments it was found that when a speed of forty-two miles an hour was attained all the wheels were running on the upper track, and revolving in the opposite direction to those on the lower track. However, after running about a thousand feet an axle doubled up, and immediately afterwards the upper track broke away, and the machine becoming liberated floated in the air, giving those on board the sensation of "being in a boat."

The experiment proved conclusively to the inventor that a machine could

be made on a large scale in which the lifting effect was considerably greater than the weight of the machine, and this, too, when a steam engine was the motor. When therefore, in the years shortly following, the steam engine was for the purposes of locomotion superseded by the lighter and more suitable petrol engine, the construction of a navigable air-ship became vastly more practicable. Still, in Sir H. S. Maxim's opinion, lately expressed, "those who seek to navigate the air by machines lighter than the air have come practically to the end of their tether, while on the other hand those who seek to navigate the air with machines heavier than the air have not even made a start as yet, and the possibilities before them are very great indeed."

These possibilities must, then, in this view rest now solely in the hands of the mechanical engineer. He must and surely can build the ship of such strength that some essential part does not at the critical moment break down or carry away. He may have yet further to improve his motive power, and here again we do not doubt his skill.

Nor, indeed, need our anticipations of the future end here. It is not unreasonable to hope that but a little while shall pass and we shall have more perfect and reliable knowledge of the tides and currents in the ocean of air, and when that day shall have come the true problem of the air-ship will be surely solved.

John M. Bacon.

THE STRAYING OF PENELOPE.

CHAPTER I.

Really, tracing matters to their source, it was all the fault of the little calf. It is an unjust world: no one thought of punishing the little calf. Perhaps, too, the white sun-bonnet had something to do with it; but the white sun-bonnet was not punished either.

Certainly it would be at once apparent that the very small gray figure, walking so demurely on such very slim black legs to the Rectory, could not be in fault. Even if the slim legs had not been proof enough of this, the great grave eyes in the depths of the sun-bonnet must have been.

Moreover, the brown hair drawn tidily back from the wistful brow, the droop at the corners of the quiet little mouth—all went to prove that Penelope, left alone, would never have strayed from the path of duty, which in this case was the path that led to the Rectory, and Mrs. Crigby and lessons.

A little blue butterfly flitted mischievously past the sun-bonnet, but Penelope kept steadily on her course. She was saying to herself with anxious solemnity: “Jerswee-tooyay-lay-noosom-voosate-ilsong.”

She had gone to sleep the night before saying it, and when she awoke in the morning she began at once. “For,” she confided to the pillow, “I are very stupid.” She accepted the fact of her stupidity with the wistful resignation which was the key-note of her small existence. Mother and Mrs. Crigby said she was stupid, so of course she was.

Penelope’s mother was a step-mother, and Mrs. Crigby at the Rectory taught Penelope. By these two Penelope’s life was bounded at present. She walked steadily, a small gray figure crowned

with a big white sun-bonnet, along the sunny road that led to the Rectory and lessons. She walked in a subdued sort of way by force of habit: Penelope’s step-mother was possessed of “nerves”—a mysterious word significant to Penelope of scoldings and punishments and calls for “Fielding.” So, obedient to the teaching of the few years of her existence, Penelope walked softly along that road straight to temptation. She was still saying her French verb over to herself in anxious fear lest she should forget. All unwitting of the bad little calf waiting behind the hedge in the next field she went innocently on. And just as she was passing the hedge a warm, soft, wet nose was pushed irresistibly into her hand. Penelope jumped, for the sunbonnet hid the calf. Then she looked round.

“Oh!” she gave an ecstatic gasp of utter love, “you—dorable.”

The little calf performed an absurd whisk of long legs, and fled into the field. Penelope could feel the soft warmth of his damp nose in her hand. She looked at him with shining eyes of deep longing.

How was she to know that he was a bad little calf who had roamed away from his poor mother, and was just seeking for some one to lead into mischief?

He stood a few yards off and looked at her with alluring eyes. Penelope’s heart was beating fast. She clambered through the gap in the hedge, and drew softly near, trembling with eagerness to touch him. He let her get quite close, then flung up his heels and fled a few yards further still. Penelope followed with earnest purpose.

This is where the white sun-bonnet’s

responsibility came in. Penelope was sideways to the Rectory, and the sunbonnet hid the smoke from the Rectory chimneys. Now if Penelope had seen the smoke she would have remembered Mrs. Crigby and lessons. Often, coming along the road, she had eyed that smoke; it was connected inseparably in her mind with the spare black figure of her austere teacher. But the sunbonnet's huge sides hid it from the eyes within, and Penelope pursued the calf possessed with but one thought—one desire—to touch him. Her staid legs grew riotous; they twinkled and stumbled in the eagerness of their pursuit.

Her small mouth was tight closed in determined effort. Forgotten was the French verb. Forgotten were Mrs. Crigby and lessons. In the world just then there was nobody but the little calf and Penelope. Again and again her heart beat high with hope. Again and again the calf flung up his absurd legs and skipped off, just as the eager little hand, outstretched to the fullest straining point, was tingling with joy of the warmth that came from his thick, soft coat.

Earnestly Penelope followed over three fields. In the third the distracted lowing of a cow became discernible. With his legs at acute angles the calf stood still. Penelope drew nearer—eagerly she stretched out her hand. The calf gave a final high kick and raced awkwardly in the direction from whence the lowing came.

The calf's foolish mother, instead of scolding him as he deserved, hailed his frisky, unabashed approach with joy. Penelope, seeing him stop at his mother's side, had a fresh glimmering of hope. She toiled eagerly on.

But the mother chose to turn nasty. Perhaps she blamed Penelope for her son's bad behavior, some mothers being blind to the truth where their own children are concerned. Anyhow, she

watched the approach of the gray-cottoned figure with a baleful glare. And when Penelope, renewed hope shining in her eyes, drew near, she put down her head, and came forward in such a threatening manner that even Penelope's great longing gave place to fear, and her legs went scurrying and stumbling across the grass till they had landed their small owner safe in the next field. Then, as she paused, frightened and breathless, a thin spiral of gray filmy smoke rose accusingly to the skies from the Rectory chimney—and Penelope saw it. She gave a gasp and stood staring, wide-eyed and petrified. Her world came tumbling in a threatening chaos about her ears. She saw Mrs. Crigby, tall and severe, seated behind the pile of books at the head of the dining-room table—waiting. She put up her hands to her eyes and tried to shut the vision out; but it would not go. Momentarily the long, lean face at the head of the table grew longer and leaner. Side by side with it Penelope saw another, a pale, peevish face whose light eyes pierced her through with their cold gleam.

Penelope's legs gave way and she sank down on to the grass, in overwhelming despair. The little calf never once glanced her way; he was so busy over his own concerns that he had forgotten all about her. Penelope realized his desertion with an acquiescent throb of misery. It was only in the order of things that she should be left utterly alone in the world. She began to cry, subdued, drearily, on and on. She knew that every minute she stayed there she was making matters worse, yet she stayed. She thought night must be getting very near; she shivered all over at the thought, but she dared not go home or to the Rectory. The shadows lengthened on the grass till they enveloped the little gray heap, and in their coolness Penelope experienced acuter misery.

The cow had led her calf back to his proper place.

There was nothing to break the hushed solitude, save the mournful piping of a bullfinch flitting in and out of the hedge. Perhaps if Penelope had raised her head and seen him, with his cheerful scarlet breast, he would have brought a ray of alleviation to her tear-drenched misery. But the white sunbonnet, all its stiff primness outraged, lay crushed upon the ground. Inside it, wet cheeks and tragic eyes were hidden by clutching little hands. Penelope was alone, and in the uttermost depths of despair.

CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile things had happened. The village fly had drawn up at the small gray house where Penelope's step-mother had lived since the death of her second husband. The fly had been followed by a queue of interested urchins and urchinesses, for in Haywold the fly was a vehicle of grandeur and importance, seldom used and much admired.

From its interior a tall girl had descended and disappeared into the gray house. Whereupon the immaculate Fielding, who cherished an incongruous affection for her mistress, had appeared to help the driver with the boxes and other travelling impedimenta. Lastly, the driver had emerged, smiling at a coin he held in the palm of his hand. He had mounted to his seat and driven away. The urchins and urchinesses had dispersed slowly.

Inside the gray house the young lady, who was Mrs. Hardy's sister, stood looking down on the sofa in the shaded, scented room, where Penelope's step-mother lay assiduously smelling at a silver vinalgrette.

"Sorry I startled you," the girl was saying in a pleasant, brisk sort of voice, "it's over two years since I've seen you."

"Yes, I am so easily startled now," the voice came in sharp contrast to that other; it was thin and slow and decidedly peevish.

"Worse?" asked the girl.

"Oh, yes," with what sounded strangely like enjoyment, "oh, much worse, Helen! My nerves—"

"Shall I go? Do you want to be alone?"

"How unkind you are. When I get so little company—"

"Oh, all right. How's the baby?"

"Penelope? Nothing's ever wrong with her."

"Where is she?"

"At the Rectory, I suppose. She racks my poor nerves with her noise. So I send her to the Rectory all the morning and afternoon. Mrs. Crigby is glad to earn a little money. The Rector spends everything on musty books full of microbes."

Helen was pulling off her gloves.

"What does she do there?" she asked.

"Who? Penelope? Lessons, of course."

"Poor mite!"

"How absurd you are, Helen," the light greenish eyes on the sofa looked with a cold sort of fire upon her. Helen remembered with a whimsical smile her terror at that look when she was much younger. She wondered suddenly if Penelope were affected by it.

There was a pause. Helen's thoughts wandered; their wandering brought a softness to her eyes.

"You know I'm engaged?" she said.

"Yes; to Sir Ralph Bennington," the name rolled lingeringly from her tongue, "it is a very good marriage for you, Helen."

Helen frowned. She rose and walked to the window.

"When is it to be?" asked her sister.

"I don't know. I haven't decided yet."

"It ought to be soon; I see nothing to prevent it, and much to render it

advisable. You are homeless now that Mrs. Willoughby has her cousin to travel with her."

A curious look shone in Helen's gray eyes for a moment.

"I can get another post as companion," she said quietly.

"But how ridiculous it would be. And I cannot offer you a home here, Helen. If you will stay a few weeks I shall be pleased. But I am so poor; my bad health is so expensive—"

Helen's eyes swept the crowded room; the vases of flowers; the scent bottles; the fans; the screens and cushions and yellow-backed novels.

"Yes," she said.

"Does Sir Ralph hold back?" asked her sister.

A gleam of mirth lit the frank face over by the window.

"No; he wants me to marry him now at once."

"Then why—"

"Oh, I don't know," Helen shrugged her shoulders slightly, her short upper lip curled wilfully, "I won't be hurried," she said; "he's too masterful."

Upon the peevish remonstrances of Mrs. Hardy broke the immaculate Fielding.

"Please, ma'am, it's after five and Miss Penelope has not returned. She didn't come home to dinner neither."

Fielding spoke in hushed tones that reminded Helen irresistibly of a death chamber.

"Really, Fielding, I do not see why I should be troubled. She is at the Rectory—"

"Does Miss Penelope always return to dinner?" broke in Helen's voice.

"Yes, miss—"

"Then why wasn't your mistress told that she had not returned to-day?"

"I didn't want to trouble her, miss. I never vex her with little things; and I knew Miss Penelope would be quite safe at the Rectory."

There was a hint of defiance in Fielding's hushed tones.

"She is quite right," murmured her mistress feebly, "my nerves will not stand—"

A thought had struck Helen.

"Does she return alone?" she said.

"I do wish you would not speak so abruptly, Helen. Fielding, my lavender salts."

Fielding handed the bottle to her mistress and answered Helen.

"I can't be spared to take and fetch her, miss, nor cook neither."

"She is perfectly safe," moaned Mrs. Hardy, "all this is so upsetting—"

"Someone must go to the Rectory at once," said Helen.

"Fielding must not go," the peevish voice grew energetic, "it is nearly time for my egg in milk, and I am hot. You must fan me, Fielding."

"Yes, ma'am. And cook can't go yet, because she's just cutting the bread for your buttered toast, and you don't fancy anyone else's toast—"

Helen walked to the door.

"I will go," she said, and went.

When she returned Fielding met her in the hall. "Oh, miss, you mustn't go to the boodoor, mistress is terribly upset—"

"Hasn't Miss Penelope been heard of yet? She hasn't been to—"

"Oh, yes, miss. Mr. Parker, the farmer, brought her back soon after you'd started. And mistress is that upset over her naughtiness—"

"What has she been doing?"

"Hiding and playing truant, and didn't want to come home, and mistress—"

"Where is she now?"

"She's locked into the box-room, miss, for a punishment."

A vast pity for the small prisoner swept over Helen's soul.

She looked round the darkening hall, and through her mind flashed those words of Charles Lamb anent his

childhood: "I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night time, solitude, and the dark were my hell."

She turned to Fielding. "Give me the key, please."

"Mistress said—"

Helen turned to the boudoir.

"I will ask your mistress—"

"No, no, miss! She's quieted down now," Fielding held out the key in an agitated hand.

Helen took it and swept up the stairs.

She knew she might be disquieting herself vainly, but the mere idea of a child's suffering terror hurt her. She had been a nervous child herself.

When she opened the door of the box-room silence and dim shadows greeted her. She peered round the room, which was filled with boxes and trunks and rubbish. She recognized with a thrill the ghostly possibilities of the place to a nervous prisoner.

"Penelope," her charming voice rang out clear and comforting.

Over in a corner she descried a bundle that looked desparingly human. She made her way swiftly to the corner and bent over the bundle.

"Darling." She touched the little figure, and a scream of terror echoed amongst the empty boxes.

Helen saw that Penelope was lying huddled up, face hidden against the floor, and both ears covered tight with agonized hands. Quickly, and with a firm touch, Helen pulled the hands away.

She felt a long shiver pass through the little body, but no more screams rang out. "Penelope, I am Aunt Helen. Darling, don't you remember me?" She held her close to her warm heart. "Aunt Helen, dear."

Slowly the figure in her arms relaxed. In a trembling whisper Penelope muttered, "They will get you too—you too—"

"We'll come downstairs now," Helen said cheerfully.

A pair of arms clung round her neck with stifling fervor.

"Will you lock the door?" Penelope whispered, "there are such a lot of them—oh, do lock the door!"

"Yes, dear," answered Helen soothingly, "but it's only bad dreams, sweetheart."

She turned the key with reassuring creaks in the lock, and they went downstairs. Helen's gray eyes were blazing.

"Did you have your tea, darling?" she asked briskly, as they entered the dining-room.

"There was the one with the light green eyes," whispered Penelope, "and he was ever so long and he crept along round the boxes—"

"Penelope," Helen's voice was very firm, "he was a bad dream, they were all bad dreams; none of them were real. You must not talk about them. I shall be vexed with you if you do."

Penelope's arms tightened. "Oh, no! Oh, no!"

"Very well. Now tell me did you have a good tea?"

Penelope shook her head.

"Why not?"

"I—I was too bad to have tea."

"What did you have for dinner?"

The arms clung. "I was—on the grass."

"Do you mean that you have had no dinner?"

"Yes."

For a moment Helen's lips shut in a straight line. Then she said gently, "Will you stay here a minute, dear? I want to get you something nice and hot to eat."

Penelope's short life had been one of obedience. She struggled valiantly and loosened her arms. When Helen saw the small white face for the first time in the light, her upper lip quiv-

ered, and she caught Penelope to her again.

Penelope's courage gave way; her arms clung round Helen's neck. "Please—oh, please," she whispered, "I don't want anything to eat—ever."

"We will ring for cook," said Helen tenderly.

When cook came she quailed under the gray eyes and made voluble excuses. Helen cut her short.

"Where is her dinner?"

"Cook did so 'ate waste, and that Fielding 'ad such a big appetite you wouldn't believe, and nat'rally they thought when Miss Penioppy didn't come 'ome as 'ow she were dining at the Rectory."

"You mean you have eaten it. What have you in the house?"

It appeared that there was mistress's beef tea for that night and for to-morrow.

"Make half of it hot *at once* for Miss Penelope."

Cook looked scared at that. She began a feeble remonstrance, but "I will take all blame," said Helen; and cook hustled away in a sudden hurry of sympathy for Penelope now that all responsibility was removed from her shoulders.

Helen sat down with Penelope on her knee, and kissed the soft little neck and cheeks and hair. Helen was rarely demonstrative, but there was an ache in her heart for her small niece.

Penelope said politely, "Thank you, Aunt Helen," and looked up at her with heavy, dazed eyes.

"Don't, child!" Helen's voice was sharp.

Penelope of course misunderstood. "I—am sorry," she said.

It was a formula she was continually called upon to use without understanding why.

Helen's brows contracted. She kissed her gently, and began to talk to her pleasantly on cheerful subjects. She

doubted if Penelope followed what she said, but she achieved her object of making the atmosphere less electric and charged with invisible horrors.

When cook brought in the tray she set it down on the table with a beaming air of self-approval. "There, dearie, all strong and 'ot, and two pieces of toast with it!"

"Thank you, cook," Penelope said politely, but she did not want the food. However, she took it obediently, and when she had begun, liked it. When it was finished Helen put her arms round her close and warm. "Now tell me all about it, dear," she said.

And Penelope, her usual staid self-restraint swept away in a mighty whirlwind of emotions, poured it all out in a torrent of sob-broken words. It was a queer jumble of pathos and humor, of tragedy and comedy, but to Penelope it was all tragedy. It was not only of that day she told; unknowingly she told of other days too. With the utter abandon of a sensitive nature meeting with an unexpected wealth of sudden love and sympathy, she poured out all without reservation. Many expressions shone in Helen's eyes as she listened. The little calf brought a pitiful smile to them, and they were often filled with sorrow; but there was anger too, deep anger, and scorn and disgust and wonder.

But when the breathless, broken voice ceased there was only love. Penelope lay exhausted in her arms, and a feeling of restful happiness stole over her. "Aunt Helen," she said earnestly, "you are heaps comfortabler than a bed."

Two minutes later Helen laid the small sleeping figure down on the sofa, covered it with a rug, and sought her sister.

Five minutes later still a bell was pealing wildly from the boudoir, and Mrs. Hardy was calling feebly for Fielding and *sal volatile*. Helen, her

head held high, her face pale, passed Fielding on the threshold.

A good deal can be said in five minutes.

She went back to the dining-room. Penelope had vanished under the rug. "Penelope!"

At her voice the scared face and roughened hair emerged. Penelope flushed, "I—I thought just a minute I was in the box-room"—her eyes looked up appealingly into Helen's face.

"Never again, dear," Helen said firmly, "I am going to take you away with me—"

She was interrupted by a sudden surprising disappearance of the sedateness she had thought part and parcel of her small niece. Penelope flung herself upon her with a choking cry, "With you—with you?"

"Yes, dear, for always," said Helen gently.

"To—to live!" Penelope's voice was beyond her control, it shrilled out in quavering excitement. But habit was strong; she looked round anxiously, "I—didn't mean to make such a noise," she said apologetically.

"When you are with me, Penelope, you shall make as much noise as you like," said Helen recklessly.

Helen never did things by halves. It was one of her attributes that Sir Ralph Bennington dearly loved.

Penelope gasped. Then her arms squeezed Helen's throat spasmodically. "I—I'll sweep your room," she burst out, the eagerness of her longing to give something in return almost choking her voice. "I'll dig up the weeds! I'll do your dresses what do up at the back! I'll—I'll—" her imagination failed her, she halted.

Helen kissed her. "You'll just play and play and play!" she said.

"Oh!"

Penelope had an imagination. The wonders which the idea of unlimited

play and noise called up held her silent for awhile.

Helen went to a side table and found note paper and ink.

"P'raps," said Penelope nervously, "p'raps you don't know I are very stupid;" a scarlet flush crept over her small face.

"No," said Helen, "I don't believe it. Never mind if you are."

Penelope drew a big breath. Almost as she drew it she was overcome with sleep.

Then Helen hurried to the kitchen. "When does the last post go?" she asked.

"Seven twenty, Miss, from the office."

Helen glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. Five minutes past seven. She ran back to the dining-room and dashed off a note.

No time to write. Can you come down to talk things over? I have a condition I want to tell you of. . . . I'm afraid you'll hate it. If, when I have explained all about it to you, you agree to it I will marry you at once.

Yours,

Helen.

She addressed it, and then putting on her hat as she went, took it to the post-office herself. She caught the last post with a minute and a half to spare.

That night Penelope slept in a warm bed close beside Helen.

And the little calf who had been the cause of it all slept in a warm barn close beside his mother. Perhaps, after all, he ought not to have been punished. For if he had not enticed Penelope from the path of duty—but then we are told that we must not do evil that good may come. Maybe, though, the laws are different in calf-land. Anyhow the little calf was not punished, so let it rest at that.

The next morning Haywold was electrified by the arrival of a telegram from London. Helen re-

celved it at half-past ten o'clock. The time when it was handed in at the London post-office was eight forty-five. Sir Ralph Bennington had received Helen's letter at half-past eight precisely.

Helen did not often do foolish things, but when she read that telegram she bowed her head and rested her lips for a moment upon the signature written

Temple Bar.

some ten minutes previously with great care by the dapper young man in the Haywold post-office.

The telegram ran thus:—

To Miss Graham, The Laurels, Haywold.

I agree. Am catching 9.2 from Paddington. Due at Haywold 11.5.

Ralph.

Margaret Westrup.

TOWARDS THE NORTH POLE.

The collapse of Mr. Baldwin's expedition by Franz Josef Land and the return of Commander Peary and Captain Sverdrup from their abortive attempts to reach the Pole from the American side may make it interesting to give a brief account of the various efforts that have been made to push northwards towards this goal during the last 400 years. Mr. Baldwin's richly-equipped expedition was frankly stated to have as its almost sole object a dash at the Pole, and although both the expeditions of Commander Peary and Captain Sverdrup had other and more substantial objects in view, still, in each case, these were to be combined with an attempt to pass all previous records in this direction.

During the latter half of the 16th century and the early years of the 17th, when so many stages of the long journey to the North Pole were covered, great progress was made in that section of the north polar area which lies to the north of Europe and includes the extensive land masses of Novaya Zemlya and Spitzbergen. Sir Hugh Willoughby, in the *Bona Esperanza*, 120 tons, Richard Chancellor, in the *Edward Bonaventure*, 180 tons, and Cornelius Durfourth, in the *Bona*

Confidentia, 90 tons, first led the way in 1553. The first two vessels reached Kolguev Island, or as some claim even the south-western shore of Novaya Zemlya in about 72° N. latitude; but the extent of the voyage is uncertain, as in the following winter all on board, numbering some 62 souls, miserably perished of cold and hunger. There is no doubt however, that Stephen Burrough in the *Searchthrift* pinnace reached $70^{\circ} 20$ min. N. latitude in 1556 and sighted the coast of Novaya Zemlya. The next great step northwards in this direction was made by the Dutch mariner, William Barents. Sent by the merchants of Amsterdam in the *Mercury*, 100 tons, to discover a passage to China round the north of the island, he sighted on July 4, 1594, the west coast of Novaya Zemlya in $73^{\circ} 25$ min. N. latitude. Continuing his journey, he passed the northern limit of the island, finally reaching Orange Island north of the 77th parallel. Two years later another stage in the direction of the Pole was covered. A Dutch expedition comprising two vessels, Barents being chief pilot of the one and Cornelius Ryp in command of the other, sailed north past Bear Island to Spitzbergen, and in following its shores, then ex-

plied for the first time, reached a latitude of close on 80° N. Even this high northing was surpassed, however, by Henry Hudson in 1607, who, in a little vessel of 80 tons, the Hopewell, followed the Spitzbergen coast to a point by dead reckoning 81° N. Land was stated to have been seen as far north as 82° , but either the reckoning must have been erroneous or ice must have been mistaken for land. In 1612, however, Jonas Poole met at Spitzbergen Thomas Marmaduke, of Hull in the Hopewell, who, Poole states, sailed as far north as 82° , two degrees beyond Hakluyt's Headland. If this statement is well founded, no further advance towards the Pole was made in this or any other direction—that is, no well-authenticated advance—for considerably over 200 years. But if Marmaduke's claim is allowed, so must be the claims of the Dutch and other whalers, large numbers of whom for many long years thought nothing of passing 80° N. latitude, and in favorable seasons may possibly have reached a degree or two higher. Confining our attention, however, to authenticated records, and remembering that the highest northing calculated from observations that was reached by Hudson was $80^{\circ} 23$ min., we may mention in this brief record of the stages passed in the journey northwards, the expedition sent out by the Admiralty in 1773 under Captain J. C. Phipps (afterward Lord Mulgrave). Phipps reached $80^{\circ} 48$ min. N. latitude off the northwest coast of Spitzbergen. It is interesting to note that this was the polar expedition on which Nelson served. A more marked advance was made in 1806, when the famous whaler, William Scoresby, was able to advance good proof that he had reached $81^{\circ} 30$ min. N. latitude in the Spitzbergen Sea. But it was reserved for Lieutenant W. E. Parry far to outdistance all his predecessors in the work of north

polar exploration. Parry set sail in the Hecla in 1827, and making Trubaerberg Bay, on the north coast of Spitzbergen, his base of operations, started northwards with two boats, which were fitted with steel-shod runners so that they might serve as sledges. In spite of the toilsome nature of the journey, he and his men pushed over the ice, piled with great blocks and bristling with splinters which pierced through boots and feet, to latitude $82^{\circ} 45$ min. N. Then it was found that the southerly drift of the ice practically counterbalanced the progress made during the onward march, and the expedition was compelled to turn back. Before Dr. Nansen's ever-memorable expedition, Parry's was the highest northing attained in the Eastern Hemisphere. But it may be noted that the Austrian Lieutenant Julius Payer, who, in conjunction with Lieutenant Carl Weyprecht, discovered Franz Josef Land in 1873, reached in the following year the highest point on land yet attained in the Eastern Hemisphere, in $82^{\circ} 05$ min. N. lat. Neither Mr. Jackson, Mr. Wellman nor Mr. Baldwin established a record. Dr. Nansen's famous journey in 1893-96, on which the explorer made so great a stride towards the Pole, is still fresh in the minds of all. Here we will only recall that the Fram, after entering the ice near the New Siberian Islands, touched the 86th parallel in the course of her long drift westwards, while Dr. Nansen himself and Lieutenant Johansen, having left the ship in 84° N., finally reached (at least) $86^{\circ} 5$ min. N., in longitude roughly 90° E. Two years ago this record was surpassed by Captain Cagni, of the Duke of the Abruzzi's expedition, who reached $86^{\circ} 33$ min. N. latitude, the highest northing yet attained in either the Eastern or the Western Hemisphere.

Hitherto the passage north through Behring Strait has not led any travel-

ler to very high latitudes. Behring himself discovered neither the strait nor the sea that bear his name. His utmost northing was $67^{\circ} 18$ min., attained on his first expedition in 1728. Exactly 50 years later Captain James Cook, the great navigator, reached $70^{\circ} 44$ min. north, and in 1826 another British naval officer, Captain F. W. Beechey, who had been told off to co-operate with Franklin in his researches on the mainland of North America, attained the latitude of $71^{\circ} 08$ min. N. Beechey's mate Elson, pushed 126 miles beyond Icy Cape to Point Barrow, in $74^{\circ} 24$ min. N. latitude. In 1849 Captain Kellet reached the first island to the north of Behring Strait, in $71^{\circ} 18$ min. N., and six years later Commander John Rodgers, of the United States Navy, surpassed Elson's latitude, his northing being $72^{\circ} 05$ min. But the highest latitude recorded in these seas was that attained by Commander G. W. De Long, of the United States navy, to the north of the Liakoff or New Siberian Islands. This group had first been reached from the north coast of Asia in 1770, by a Russian trader named Liakoff, and in 1823 Lieutenant P. F. Anjou, who since 1820 had been exploring among the islands in company with Lieutenant F. von Wrangell, had succeeded in getting as far north as $76^{\circ} 36$ min. De Long sailed through Behring Strait in the ill-fated Jeannette in 1879. The pack-ice was entered near Herald Island in $71^{\circ} 35$ min. N., and for two years the vessel drifted westwards and northwards. Wrangell Land, which De Long had thought was part of a continent, and on which he expected to winter, was passed in the summer of 1879; in June, 1881, Jeannette Island in $76^{\circ} 47$ min. N. latitude was reached; later in the same month Henrietta Island, in $77^{\circ} 08$ min. N. was passed, and then the Jeannette was crushed in the ice. The survivors

drifted north to $77^{\circ} 36$ min., the highest northing yet attained in those seas. How at last the north coast of Asia was reached, and how all but Chief Engineer Melville and 11 of the crew perished, does not here concern us.

Only a slightly, if at all, higher latitude than that reached by De Long has been attained by travellers following the coast of Greenland. Hudson sighted this coast in 1607, in about latitude 73° north, and, according to the old Dutch chart of Gerrit van Keulen, as high latitudes were attained during the course of the 17th century as have ever since been reached in this direction. In 1654 Gale Hamke found land in $74^{\circ} 30$ min.; in 1670 Lambert touched $78^{\circ} 30$ min. So difficult is the East Greenland coast of approach, however, and so little was known about it in the early years of last century, that the famous whaler Captain William Scoresby, son of him whose northing off the coast of Spitzbergen we have already recorded, may well be said to have advanced a stage towards the Pole in this direction when in 1822 he surveyed and charted the coast comprised between latitude $73^{\circ} 30$ min. north and latitude 75° north. In the following year Captain Clavering, assisting Captain Edward Sabine, in his great pendulum work, reached Shannon Island in $75^{\circ} 12$ min north, and saw the coast stretching as far as the 76th parallel. No higher northing was made until the second German North Polar Expedition visited the coast in 1869. After wintering on Pendulum Island, Koldewey and Payer followed the shore northwards in sledges, and in April, 1870, reached the extreme northing along the East Greenland coast—if we except that with which Lambert is credited on the old Dutch chart—of $77^{\circ} 01$ min. The stretch of coast between this and Peary's furthest on the north coast of Greenland still re-

mains uncharted, though both Peary and Sverdrup professed to have its survey in view as one of their objects. None of these latitudes can compare with those attained by way of the Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land routes. Indeed, the only route which may be said to rival these latter in the facilities it affords for approaching the Pole is that which runs between the west coast of Greenland and the vast land masses lying to the north of North America. In this direction the first stages of the long journey towards the Pole were covered by the expeditions which began to be despatched towards the close of the fifteenth century in search of a North-West Passage. Leaving out of account the two uncertain records connected with the names of the two Cabots, as well as the unfortunate enterprise of Frobisher, we come to the brave John Davis, who made a great stride northwards. After twice barely crossing the Arctic circle, in 1585 and 1586, he set out a third time, in 1587, from Dartmouth. The expedition comprised three small vessels, the two larger of which were left near Gilbert Sound, while Davis pushed ahead in the third, a mere pinnace. On June 24 he reached $67^{\circ} 40$ min. N. latitude, and saw many whales, and on the 28th attained his highest northing, $72^{\circ} 12$ min., where he found the bold promontory which he named Cape Hope Sanderson. Hudson, of course, was far to the south of this in Hudson's Bay, and it was reserved for William Baffin to reach what was, for more than two centuries the most northerly point attained by this route. Robert Bylot, master, and William Baffin, pilot, set out from Gravesend in 1616, with 15 men on board the *Discovery*, 55 tons. Proceeding along the west coast of Greenland, they reached Cape Hope Sanderson on May 30. As they continued north, Women's Island was found and named

in $72^{\circ} 45$ min. In $73^{\circ} 45$ min. the expedition was detained for a short time among the natives of Horn Sound, but the ice broke up, and on July 1 an open sea lay before the travellers in $75^{\circ} 40$ min. N. Pushing across this, the expedition reached the entrance to what was named Sir Thomas Smith's Sound, and an extreme northing of $77^{\circ} 45$ min. was recorded.

When one takes into account all the attendant circumstances, this was really a most remarkable voyage, but, notwithstanding the success which attended it, Davis Strait and Baffin Bay were so neglected by explorers for the next two hundred years that when interest in this section of the north polar field revived, early in the nineteenth century, the narrative of Baffin's discoveries was quite discredited. The accuracy of his observations was soon confirmed, but not until 1852—unless it may have been some whaler—did any one push our knowledge of the Arctic regions in this direction a stage nearer the Pole. In that year Captain E. A. Inglefield, in the *Isabel*, coupled with a summer search for Franklin an attempt to ascertain whether Smith Sound was connected with the Polar Sea. On August 26 the expedition reached Cape Alexander, the most northerly point seen by Baffin, and Inglefield saw the open sea, "stretching through seven points of the compass." He started to steam northwards, but 12 hours later, when only 40 miles beyond Baffin's furthest, was turned back by the ice. His extreme northing was $78^{\circ} 21$ min. In the following year the Americans took the field. Elisha Kent Kane, in a vessel fitted out by Grinnell and Peabody, straightway broke the new record, and reached and wintered in Rensselaer Harbor, $78^{\circ} 37$ min. N. In the summer of 1854 the surgeon of the expedition, Isaac I. Hayes, crossed Kane Sea to Grinnell Land, which he traced to

Cape Frazer, $79^{\circ} 43$ min. N. In the meanwhile, on the Greenland side of Kane Sea, two other members of the expedition, William Morton and Hans Hendrik, reached and scaled the south side of Cape Constitution, in $80^{\circ} 35$ min. N., overlooking Kennedy Channel. These results were the more praiseworthy, in that the expedition suffered terribly from scurvy and in other ways, and barely succeeded in reaching the relief expedition that rescued them in 1855. C. F. Hall was the next traveller to push back the line dividing the known from the unknown. Though neither a sailor nor a scientist by profession, he possessed all the qualities of courage and perseverance and endurance which go to the making of a great explorer, and, favored by an exceptionally open season, he succeeded, in 1870, in pushing right through Smith Sound, Kennedy Channel, and Robeson Channel to the polar sea beyond. Heavy pack ice stopped his advance in $82^{\circ} 11$ min. N. latitude. His vessel, the *Polaris*, wintered under an enormous floeberg in $81^{\circ} 37$ min. north. Before winter really set in Hall journeyed by sledge northwards to the 82° nd parallel, and there saw land on the west side of Robeson Strait, extending north, as far as he could judge—and subsequent observations practically confirmed his estimate—to about $83^{\circ} 05$ min. N. During the winter Hall died, and the other members of the expedition only escaped after experiencing a succession of disasters.

But the success which had attended the efforts of the expedition to reach a high northern latitude and the other valuable geographical results obtained, roused a spirit of emulation in this country. In 1875 was despatched the famous Nares expedition, in the *Alert* and the *Discovery*. They found all plain sailing as far as Cape Sabine, but beyond that point the ice condi-

tions were as unfavorable to an advance northwards as Hall had found them favorable. By degrees, however, the *Alert* and the *Discovery* made their way along the West Greenland coast past Cape Lieber and across Lady Franklin Bay to Discovery Harbor. Here the *Discovery* wintered, but Nares, pushing north in the *Alert*, managed before the close of the summer to advance a step nearer the Pole than any who had previously followed the Smith Sound route. His winter station on the edge of the polar sea was in $82^{\circ} 25$ min. N. But even this high northing was not to mark the limit of the expedition's success that year. Lieutenant Pelham Aldrich, whilst in command of a slogging party, reached on September 25, 1875, latitude $82^{\circ} 48$ min. north, on the coast of Grinnell Land, and established what was then a world's record. In the following summer Aldrich was yet more successful, passing round the north end of Grinnell Land from Cape Columbia, in $83^{\circ} 07$ min. north, to Cape Alfred Ernest, in $82^{\circ} 16$ min. north. Meanwhile Commander A. H. Markham was attaining still higher latitudes. After following the coast to Cape Henry, in $82^{\circ} 55$ min. N., Markham struck across the ice-bound polar sea in a direct attempt to reach the North Pole. He was accompanied by 17 men, with two sledges, and after almost superhuman exertions reached a latitude of $83^{\circ} 20$ min. On the valuable work accomplished in other directions it is not now our purpose to dilate. It is curious to note, however, when one bears subsequent expeditions in mind, that the Nares expedition, successful as it undoubtedly was, was supposed to have closed that particular route to the Pole. "To send another expedition in that direction would," it was declared, "be a waste of money and energy." In spite of this dictum, the Greely Expedition,

sent north by the United States Government as a result of the International Polar Conferences of 1879-80, made its way up Smith Sound in 1881. The expedition remained in the polar regions three years, and carried out a series of very important scientific observations. But here we have only to record that it covered yet another stage of the long journey to the Pole. In April, 1882, Lockwood, with eight companions, started north from Newman Bay. Repulse Harbor was reached in five days after great exertions. From this point the conditions of travel were most trying, but the little party pressed on to Cape Bryant, where Lockwood decided to continue the journey with only Brainard and one of the Eskimo. Gradually they crept northwards. Towards the end "floes so high that the sledge was lowered by dog traces," ice so broken that the axe cleared the way, and widening water cracks in increasing numbers impeded progress; but, despite all obstacles, they reached, May 13, 1882, Lockwood Island, $83^{\circ} 24$ min. N., which remained the highest northing until Nansen made so great an advance towards the Pole.

Commander Peary's magnificent record has already been detailed in these columns. Here we need only recall that Peary set out on his last great expedition in the summer of 1898. Having come to the conclusion that no further advance was to be effected by way of the Greenland inland ice, he determined to push north through the great waterway that lies between the west coast of Greenland and the vast island masses lying to the north of the Dominion of Canada. Peary sailed in the Hope, and was followed by the Windward, which had been generously presented to him by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth. The two ships obtained some walrus in Whale Sound, between Hakluyt Island and Littleton Island, and

then, while the Hope returned south, Peary turned the prow of the Windward northwards and endeavored to reach Sherard Osborne Fiord in Kennedy Channel. But the season was unfavorable, and Peary was compelled to winter 150 miles south of his objective, near Cape d'Urville. Leaving the ship towards the close of the year, Peary journeyed by land to Fort Conger, the headquarters of Greely's famous expedition, mentioned above. But this attempt to utilize the winter months for travelling delayed rather than advanced the expedition. In a terrible snowstorm which overtook the little party, on New Year's Day, Peary suffered badly from frost bite, and on his arrival at Fort Conger it was found necessary to amputate seven of his toes. After this it was, of course, impossible for him to make any serious attempt to reach the Pole in the spring of 1899. Peary, however, had himself drawn about in a sledge, so that he might become accustomed to the conditions of travel in that region, and then, returning to the Windward, sailed for the Eskimo encampment at Etah, near Cape York. Here he found the Diana awaiting him with supplies. These were landed, and then both the Diana and the Windward sailed south, leaving Peary to winter at Etah and make an attempt to reach a high northing in the spring of 1900. A start was made from Etah on April 15 of that year. Following, apparently, the west coast of Greenland, Peary passed Lockwood's farthest north between three and four weeks later. The coast was found to run north some ten miles further to $83^{\circ} 39$ min. N. latitude, where it turned abruptly to the east. Striking across the great Polar sea, Peary struggled on to $83^{\circ} 50$ min. N., where he was turned back by a considerable expanse of open water. Before he returned to headquarters, however, useful work was accomplished

along the North Greenland coast, which was surveyed as far as Independence Bay, the point reached by Peary on his two great journeys across the inland ice-cap in 1892 and 1895. The winter months were spent partly at Fort Conger, partly at Meat Caches, 250 miles to the north.

Another attempt to reach the Pole in the spring of 1901 had early to be abandoned, as neither men nor dogs were in a fit condition to make any prolonged march. Peary accordingly made his way south, and on June 6 came across the Windward with Mrs. Peary and the explorer's little daughter on board. The Windward had gone north in search of Peary in the summer of 1900, and, failing to find him, had wintered in Payer Harbor near Cape Sabine. Here, too, in 1901, came the Erik in search of the Windward. Disappointment was naturally felt when it was found that Peary had failed to reach the Pole, or even to attain a higher northing than that of Nansen and Cagni in the Western Hemisphere. The strain of so long a sojourn in the Arctic regions had naturally been great upon a man of even Peary's iron physique and dauntless courage, but the explorer determined to make one last effort this year. Both the Windward and the Erik sailed south in August, 1901. So far as can be made out from the telegrams to hand, Commander Peary has followed, as far as practicable, the plans which he had laid down according to the information brought home by the Erik, which left him on August 29, 1901, in his temporary camp on the south side of Herschel Bay, on the west side of Smith Sound, about a dozen miles south-west of his permanent quarters at Payer Harbor, near Cape Sabine, about $78^{\circ} 45$ min. N. He was then stated to have been well provided with all necessities, although the difficulty of taking sufficient food for the dogs was regarded as

rather a serious one. It was also stated that he intended to take with him a "marine equipment," so as to be able to cross open water wherever it should occur. The telegrams to hand do not refer to a boat as part of the equipment, but, as open leads of water were met with, it is presumed that the expedition had some means of crossing them. The move northwards began with the advance party of six sledges in charge of Peary's faithful colored companion, Henson, on March 3, followed three days later by the main party with 18 sledges. These parties, no doubt, travelled northwards along the ice foot on the American side, close to the shore, the distance to Fort Conger on the north shore of Lady Franklin Bay, which was the headquarters of the Greely Expedition, being some two hundred miles. Fort Conger lies about $81^{\circ} 50$ min. N. Apparently little time was spent at Fort Conger, and a fresh start was made for Cape Hecla, which lies a little to the south of the 83rd parallel, to the north-west of the northern end of Robeson Channel. If, as is probable, the journey continued to be made along the ice foot, the distance to be covered was not far short of 100 miles. Evidently the water right across to Greenland in this channel was remarkably open, while open stretches of water were visible as far as could be seen to the north. From Cape Hecla a start was made on April 1 to face the serious task which Commander Peary had set before him—an advance northwards, if possible, to the Pole. Commander (now Admiral) Markham's furthest north, $83^{\circ} 20$ min. 26 sec., was reached on May 12, 1876, at 64° W. longitude. Markham started from Cape Joseph Henry in $82^{\circ} 55$ min. N. on April 10, so that he took one month to reach his furthest point about 30 miles to the north-west of his starting point. The difficulties which he met with in trying to surmount the hills of

palaeocrystic ice which had been thrown up along his route seem to have been greater than even those encountered by Peary. And it should be remembered that Markham had no dogs, and only two sledges and 17 men. The same palaeocrystic ice, due to pressure and the piling up of floe upon floe, seems to have been met with by Peary, although he encountered open leads of water and floes in motion. Although he only reached $84^{\circ} 17$ min. N., about 75 miles to the north-west of his starting point, in order to accomplish this he seems to have been compelled to make long detours. But, as further progress with the means at his disposal was utterly impossible, he had to give up, and was back at Cape Hecla again on April 29, and at his headquarters at Cape Sabine about a fortnight later. Although Commander Peary seems to have met with more open water than did Commander Markham, still the conditions here seem to have been essentially the same as they were in 1876. The vast masses of ice which come down from the north have no adequate exit south of 83° N., so that they are bound to accumulate under the immense pressure that must take place, and so produce those palaeocrystic ice ranges which seem to render advance impossible in this direction. It is possible that, had Commander Peary had more abundant means at his disposal, and been able to continue still further to the north, he might have found the conditions more favorable; but the record of this, as of previous attempts in the same direction, seems to confirm the opinion of distinguished Arctic authorities that the Pole is not to be reached by this route. No doubt Commander Peary will have an exciting story to tell, but those interested in the advance of knowledge will anxiously await details of the abundant scientific results, which he is reported to have accomplished.

Meantime, although he holds the record on the American side of the Polar area, on the other side he has been surpassed by Captain Cagni by over two degrees —about 150 miles.

With regard to Captain Sverdrup, who left Godhavn, in Greenland, on August 8 and has just arrived in Norway, it is evident that he has been quite unable to carry out his somewhat ambitious programme, which, besides getting as far north as possible, included a survey of the north-east coast of Greenland. When last seen, in 1899, the *Fram* was making for Jones Sound, and to that region he seems to have devoted his attention during the past three years. On the north of Jones Sound lies Ellesmere Land, about which we know but little. Captain Sverdrup has apparently surveyed the south and west coasts of that region, and if he has carried his explorations far enough north and west to connect with the results of previous expeditions he will have accomplished a fair amount of good work. But unless he has done much more it can hardly be said that he has fulfilled the expectations of his many admirers and friends. In Jones Sound he certainly selected a region of which our knowledge is slight and defective. In a memorandum on the subject, by Sir Clements Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, some interesting information is given as to the progress of our knowledge in this particular region. Jones Sound was discovered by Baffin in 1616, but no other expedition approached it until that under the command of Sir John Ross in 1818. In 1848 a Scotch whaler sailed up the Sound for a hundred miles, until stopped by ice. In 1851 it was explored by Admiral Sir Horatio Austin, who was stopped by ice about 60 miles from the entrance. In 1852 he was followed by Captain Inglefield, and from their explorations it became

clear that Jones Sound was a channel leading to the Polar Sea, and not a mere bay or inlet. Possibly that is the reason which induced Captain Sverdrup to make his way into it with the Fram; but, as the Polar ice comes crowding down from the north among the numerous islands which seem to stud the sea to the west of Ellesmere Land, it is doubtful if a route in this direction is practicable.

Now that Peary and Sverdrup and Baldwin have all three returned from their abortive attempts to reach the Pole, the only expedition left in the Arctic region is that under Baron Toll, the well-known Russian explorer, who is at work in the direction of the New Siberian Islands, in search of what is known as Sannikoff Land, which is supposed to exist still further to the north. Of Captain Bernier's proposed North Polar expedition nothing has recently been heard.

In conclusion, Commander Peary's work in the interior of Greenland before his last great expedition ought not to be forgotten. His additions to our knowledge of the Greenland ice-cap are very important, seeing how little is known of the interior of the country. Geological investigations carried out by Giesecke in 1806-14 along the west coast of Greenland from 60° N. to 73° N. form the basis of our knowledge of the geology of this vast island. The Danes have done much useful work along the south-west and south-east coasts, and the comparatively narrow strip of territory between the sea and the ice-cap is very well known from the 66th parallel on the east coast round to the 75th parallel on the west. Attempts to cross Greenland from west to east were early made. In 1728 Major Pars even set out at the head of an armed mounted force. But for long all attempts failed. Dalager, Rae, Brown, and Whymper were un-

successful in their efforts to explore the ice-cap. In 1870 Baron A. E. Nordenskiöld could only penetrate some 35 miles inland from the head of Auletsivik Fjord, to an elevation of 2,200 feet. In 1878 Lieutenant Jensen reached a point 47 miles inland from Frederikshaab, where he found the ice 5,000 feet above sea level. In 1883 Nordenskiöld again visited Greenland, and made 15 marches on the inland ice from the same point as before. He himself penetrated only a little way, but the Lapp ski-runners whom he had taken with him mounted the ice for 140 miles, reaching an elevation of 6,600 feet. At last Nansen effected the crossing from east to west. Umlivik, the starting point, in $64^{\circ} 45$ min. N. latitude, was reached only after many hardships on August 10, 1888. By August 27 he and his companions, five in number, had ascended 7,000 feet, but only advanced 40 miles. The ice-cap, however, was found to terminate in a broad flat plateau from 8,000 feet to 9,000 feet high, and over this such rapid progress was made that the west coast was reached, some 50 miles south of Goothaab, on September 29. Peary's crossings were effected in the reverse direction, and across the northern end of Greenland. After a preliminary journey from Disco Bay in 1886, Peary made his first attempt from McCormick Bay early in 1892, and, striking due north-east, came out on the north coast at Independence Bay. This journey was repeated in 1894, and briefly Peary may be said on these occasions to have determined the relief of an exceptionally large area of the inland ice, to have delineated the northern extension of the great interior ice-cap, to have demonstrated the insularity of Greenland, and to have proved the existence of detached land masses to the north. A valuable account was also obtained of the Smith Sound Eskimo.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A collection of the letters of Henrik Ibsen is being prepared for the press, and will be published next year both in Norway and Germany.

Mr. Morley, it is reported, has found the task of assorting Mr. Gladstone's papers so onerous that no definite date can be fixed for the publication of the biography.

It now appears that the late George Douglas Brown left two almost completed novels. These, with other of his manuscripts, are being put in order for publication.

It is announced that Mrs. Alice Meynell, who should be a good judge of verse, is editing a new series of selections from the great poets. Tennyson, the two Brownings and Wordsworth will be among the earlier volumes in the series.

Mr. Richard Whiteing has written a new novel "The Yellow Van," which is to appear serially in *The Century*. Like "No. 5 John Street," the story has a purpose: but while the earlier book was designed to show the contrast between the life of the rich and poor in London, the new story exhibits a somewhat similar contrast in English rural life.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in a letter to *The London Times*, authoritatively contradicts the widely circulated rumors regarding Dr. Ibsen's ill health. He reports the distinguished poet as busily preparing for the press a selection from his dramatic criticisms and polemical articles in prose, and a new

edition of his lyrical poems, which contains a number of pieces never before printed.

The Duke of Abruzzi is to give an account of his expedition, the first Italian expedition toward the North Pole, which reached further north than Nansen or any one else, in a volume entitled "On the Polar Star in the Arctic Sea 1899-1900" which will be published simultaneously by the leading publishers of the Continent.

The latest literary revival is that of the writings of G. P. R. James, one of the most voluminous and in his day one of the most popular of English novelists. A new edition of his best romances, in twenty-five volumes, is announced. It remains to be seen whether Mr. James's favorite figure, the "solitary horseman," will ride into the affections of present-day readers.

The Scribners are soon to publish "Nova Solyma" a romance in prose and verse, the discoverer of which, the Rev. Walter Begley, attributes it, on what evidence his preface will explain, to no less a person than John Milton. The book was first published in 1648, but seems to have dropped out of sight in the political excitements of that period. It was in Latin and bore the sub-title "Sivi Institutio Christiani" "or the Education of a Christian."

Mr. Andrew Lang continues to produce books in various departments of literature with an indefatigable industry which goes far to justify the humorous theory that his name stands,

not for an individual, but for a syndicate. In addition to his forthcoming book on "James the Sixth and the Gowrie Mystery" and his "Romance Book" for Christmas, he has written a new novel, "The Disentanglers", which the Longmans have in press. His intervals of leisure he occupies with writing "At the Sign of the Ship" for the magazine which he edits, and with light and clever literary contributions to the daily and weekly press.

The duplication of titles continues to be an embarrassment both to authors and readers. The title of George Hornton's novel, "Like Another Helen" appeared this summer in an English story of Indian life. Arthur Morrison's story "The Hole in the Wall" recalls Miss Alcott's "A Hole in the Wall." Mr. Henry James's title of "Passionate Pilgrim" has been borrowed by another writer, and was not original with Mr. James any way. Now it appears that the title of Mr. Crawford's forthcoming novel "Cecilia" repeats that of one published by Mr. S. V. Makower a few years ago, to say nothing of Fanny Burney's novel which was published in 1792.

Mr. Edward S. Morse's "Glimpses of China and Chinese Homes" (Little, Brown & Co.) is precisely what its name indicates, not a pretentious or even a very well-ordered study of China and the Chinese in their political or other serious aspects, but just a series of snap-shots of them in their streets and homes, taken by a hasty visitor, but one who knows well a cognate people, the Japanese, and is able to make interesting comparisons. Illustrated by the author's pen-and-ink drawings, these cheerful and rapid sketches have a vivid quality which makes them pleasing. The reader may get nearer to the real Chinaman in these few pages than by reading many

a more impressive and bulky volume.

The attention attracted by that brilliant compromise between fact and fiction, "The Conqueror," gives special timeliness to the republication by the Macmillan Co. of an earlier book of Gertrude Atherton's, "Before the Gringo Came." Appearing now with revision and enlargement under the title of "In the Splendid, Idle Forties," these stories of Old California give vivid glimpses of that picturesque period when officers in United States blue-and-gold came to vie with Spanish caballeros for the smiles of their green-eyed señoritas. Distinctly of the romantic type, they are none the less true to the life which they portray.

In "The Heart of the Doctor" Houghton, Mifflin & Co. add another to their notable list of novels dealing with problems of philanthropy and economics. Its hero a laborious and resolute young doctor, working among the Italians in the "North End" of Boston, the book describes with the minuteness born of knowledge and sympathy the strange mingling of waste and industry, squalor and display, greed and self-sacrifice, superstition and faith, mirth and despair which mark that exotic life. The plot is not well knit, and the inevitable romance is of too conventional a type, but there is real talent in the story, and it will repay reading. Mabel G. Foster is its author.

The personal and critical elements are well combined in Thomas Wentworth Higginson's volume on Longfellow in the American Men of Letters series. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Colonel Higginson, in his younger days, knew Longfellow in the relations of student and teacher at Harvard; later he was his neighbor and close friend

and a member of the same literary coterie. Reminiscence and personal impressions accordingly enhance the interest of his succinct narrative of Longfellow's life, and his estimate of his works. It might be thought that, by this time, all the sources of biographic material relating to Longfellow had been exhausted: but Colonel Higginson has been fortunate in gaining access to letters and unpublished early writings which throw new light on Longfellow's literary development. The book is of modest proportions, but it is sincere, sympathetic and deeply interesting.

The survey of contemporary religious life and activity which Mr. Willard Chamberlain Selleck presents in the volume entitled "The Spiritual Outlook" is tolerant, catholic and hopeful in a high degree. Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, orthodoxy and Unitarianism and Universalism, Christian Science and Christian socialism are impartially considered with a view to ascertaining the truth in each and measuring accurately the contribution of each to the religious progress of the time. But the examination is not uncritical: the author discerns faults and limitations as well as contributions to progress. He is full of the sense of God working in and through men, and is keenly sympathetic with whatever is religious in the old and true sense of binding human life and destiny to the Divine. His temper is reverent and his conclusions are sane. The book is published by Little, Brown & Co.

The second series of Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels" may or may not be so clever as the first: the comparison seems rather a futile one. They are at any rate very clever in-

deed. Sherlock Holmes appears in them as "Hemlock Jones": David Harum as "Dan'l Borem": and one of Anthony Hope's favorite characters figures as "Rupert the Resembler." It takes "Stories Three" to do justice to Rudyard Kipling, and each of them hits off some special characteristic. Perhaps the solemn fooling of Moo Kow, Miaow and the Man Cub is one of the best. Marie Corelli receives notice which will embarrass one who so shrinks from publicity: and her masculine counterpart is beautifully dealt with in a story of "Golly and the Christian, or the Minx and the Manxman." Yet the humor in these delightful parodies is not caustic: it is all "good fun" and nothing more. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The critic of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, who writes under the title "As Others See Us" sums up somewhat caustically what he conceives to be the limitations of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, thus:

A laborious study of certain phases of life in Italy and of Italian character; a landscape constructed in mosaic; a scene in St. Peter's done as by a journalist of the highest order, but still a journalist; types of character, both English and American, of which the details are strictly correct but from which the vital spark is absent; a supreme, unremitting, indefatigable effort of conscience, in place of the spontaneity which the reader craves; stores of accumulated knowledge, with much of which you would joyfully dispense in exchange for one touch of the nature which makes the whole world akin; an art never quite concealing itself; an art from which the sense of effort is never absent; an art which seems ascetic in its struggle toward the ideal it never quite reaches,—such is the final word for the present of Mrs. Ward's literary craftsmanship.

ISLANDS OF MIST.

I hear the throbbing of waters that
break upon lonely shores,
And the sigh of the wind in the
hills where the heather is growing;
And old, dead, faded faces look out
from the open doors,
Far away in the glens, where, ever,
in dreams my soul is going...

Far away in the mountains, far at the
back of the seas,
Where the soul goes groping back,
like a blind man feeling
For the latch that is rust and dust,
long since blown over the leas,
Lost in the love forgotten by loch
and shieling.

It's a song of the dead they're singing,
away by the rocks and sand,
Down by the silent place where the
loved are sleeping,
And the young and the old together
are lying, like tired ones, hand
in hand,
And the only song is the sea's sad
song, bitter, alone, and weeping.

Far away in the mountains, far where
the fathers lie,
Who shall blame us, if ever our
thoughts must roam,
Hearing, in towns, the song of the
waves that wash on the shores of
Skye,
Far away, where the West is wait-
ing her children turning home.

Lauchlan MacLean Watt.

Good Words.

CLIMBING.

When I would get me to the upper
fields,
I look if anywhere
A man may be found who craves what
joyaunce yields
The keen thin air,
Who loves the rapture of the height,
And fain would snatch with me a peril-
ous delight.

I wait, and linger on the village street,
And long for one to come,

And say:—“The morning's bright, it is
not meet
That thou the hum
Of vulgar life shouldst leave, and seek
the view
Alone from those great peaks; I surely
will go too.”

But not to me comes ever any man;
Or, if he come, dull sleep
Still thickens in his eyes, so that to
scan
The beckoning steep
He has no power; and of its scornful
tone
Unconscious sits him down, and I go
on alone.

Yet children are before me on the slope,
Their dew-bedabbled prints
Press the black fern-roots naked; sunny
hope
Darts red, and glints
Upon their hair; but, devious, they re-
main
Among the bilberry beds, and I go on
again.

And so there is no help for it, no mate-
To share the arduous way:
Nathelless I must ascend ere it grow
late,
And, dim and gray,
The final cloud obstructs my soul's en-
deavor,
And I see nothing more for ever and
for ever.

T. E. Brown.

A RONDEL.

Through russet banks the waters
glide,
Tall grow the beeches by the way;
And there upon an autumn day
I laid the joy of life aside.
I entered glad with hope and pride,
With drooping head I came away;
Through russet banks the waters
glide,
Dark grow the beeches by the way.
The hammer rings, the saw is plied
In meadows where we used to stray;
But still my heart lies where it lay,
Its buried hope the beeches hide:
Through russet banks the waters
glide.